



# Journey Beyond Earth

A Veterinarian's Life on  
the Moon

Hridayesh garg

# **Journey Beyond Earth**

A Veterinarian's Life on the Moon

Written by: Hridayeshgarg

2025

©2025Hridayeshgarg. All rights reserved.

Illustrated by: premyogi vajra

### **Legal Disclaimer ~**

This book is a kind of literature of mythological stories or events related to spiritual-physical mixture, which is similar to science fiction. It has not been made by copying any pre-made literary work. Yet if it bears any resemblance to any pre-made creation, it is merely a coincidence. It is not designed to hurt any other sentiments. Readers will be responsible for any such situations arising from reading this. We are not lawyers. This book and the information contained within it are provided as an educational promotion only, and are not a substitute for any legal advice provided by your legal advisor. At the time of printing, utmost care has been taken to ensure that all the information given in this book is correct and useful for the readers, yet it is not a very deep effort. Therefore, if any kind of loss occurs due to this, the book presenter completely rejects his responsibility and accountability. Readers are responsible for their own choices, actions and their consequences. If they have any doubt regarding this, they should contact their judicial advisor.

# **Table of Contents**

## **Part 1: Departure from Earth and Settling on the Moon**

1. A Cosmic Transfer Order
2. Leaving the Old World Behind
3. Moon Colony – A New Home
4. First Impressions of Lunar Life
5. Space Economy & Trade

## **Part 2: Life and Work as a Veterinarian on the Moon**

6. Veterinarian on the Moon
7. The Moon's Animal University
8. Ancestors on Earth & Nostalgia
9. Space Travel Between Earth & Moon
10. Grandfather's Wish & His Spiritual Realization

## **Part 3: Adventures and Challenges in Space Travel**

11. Festivals and the Space Traffic Jams
12. Space Wars and Political Tensions
13. Blocked Roads & Space Highway Conditions
14. A Space Pilgrimage

## **Part 4: Spiritual Awakening & Self-Discovery**

15. Cosmic Energy & Awakening Experiences
16. Dream Visitations & Messages from the Beyond
17. Meeting a Space Mystic
18. The Concept of Chakras and the Cosmos Within

## **Part 5: The Changing Moon and the Search for a New Destination**

19. Changes in Lunar Society
20. The Inner Universe: Discovering Cosmic Harmony Through the Body
21. Economic Growth vs. Tranquility
22. The Industrial Boom & Consequences
23. Space Epidemics & Lockdowns
24. The Great Space Exodus
25. The Call to Move Beyond the Moon

## **Part 6: A New Beginning and the Universal Truth**

26. The Search for the Next Destination
27. Convincing the Family & Making Preparations
28. The Final Journey to a New Home
29. The Last Message to Earth

### 30. The Ultimate Realization: The Universe Within



## Introduction

Life has a way of turning ordinary journeys into extraordinary adventures. Our family's story is woven with countless road trips—long drives between home and work, where the car became more than just a vehicle; it was a space of bonding, laughter, and shared dreams. As our children grew, so did our conversations, shaped by the endless roads stretching ahead of us.

One day, during one such journey, a thought struck me—"Why not see everything as connected to space?" It was a simple idea, yet it sparked a wave of imagination in our travels, turning even the most routine landscapes into cosmic wonders. The sheer joy and satisfaction we felt in these discussions made the universe seem closer than ever. I think it was the open mind of the child journeying with us that inspired me to think beyond the ordinary and imagine all this.

And then, the idea of this book-cum-novel was born. It wasn't something I planned or struggled with—it simply flowed, as if it had always been waiting to be written. This short novel is a unique combination of science fiction and autobiographical reality. Just like the dual nature of matter—both wave and particle—this story, too, holds two truths at once. It is as real as it is fictional. What one perceives, it becomes. It dances between fact and imagination, shaped by the reader's own lens. In other words, it's like the illustrator's biographical life journey projected into space.

It also holds both spiritual and material meaning, depending on the viewpoint of the reader. For some, it may appear as a futuristic tale about life beyond Earth; for others, it may resonate as a metaphor for the journey within. One who is fulfilled with the outward journey can only then begin the inward one. Trying to go inward too soon, without first exploring the outer realms, may keep one under the subtle grip of illusion.

Interestingly, I had always written under a pen name, choosing to keep my identity undisclosed for various reasons. My son, though, was never really a fan. He'd tease me all the time, saying stuff like, "Papa, your pen name is totally lame!" All I could do was laugh and shake my head. So, for the first time, I made a different choice—I wrote this book in his name instead of mine. It felt like the perfect tribute to the youngest member of our family, who was just a little child—still in nursery and kindergarten—when we first stepped beyond the comfort of home and into a world of endless possibilities.

This book is more than just a story; it's a reflection of our journey, a blend of love, curiosity, science, dreams—and the belief that no destination is too far—not even the moon.

Dr.Bhishmsharma

## Part 1: Departure from Earth and Settling on the Moon

### A Cosmic Transfer Order

It was an ordinary morning on Earth—until the message arrived.

Dr. Aryan Verma, a veterinarian with a calm demeanor and an inquisitive mind, was sipping his usual cup of masala chai when his holo-screen blinked with an urgent notification. The government seal flashed momentarily before a deep robotic voice announced:

“Dr. Aryan Verma, your interplanetary transfer order has been approved. Report to the Lunar Immigration Terminal within 30 days. You are now assigned as the chief veterinarian of Chandravaanshi Lunar Colony.”

Aryan stared at the screen, his mind racing.

“The Moon? Why me?”

He had expected his next assignment to be in some remote biosphere on Earth, tending to genetically modified cattle or hybrid species designed for extreme climates. But the Moon? That was something else entirely.

His wife, Meera, looked up from across the dining table, sensing his hesitation.

“What is it?” she asked, placing her cup down.

Aryan turned the screen toward her. She read the notification twice before meeting his gaze. There was a flicker of worry in her eyes, but also an unspoken excitement.

Their son, Ansh, a 13-year-old obsessed with interstellar travel, practically jumped out of his chair.

“Are we seriously moving to the Moon? That’s so cool! My friends are going to be so jealous.”

His daughter, Avni, a third-year computer science student, was more skeptical.

“The Moon? But I just started working on an AI project with my team! What about my studies?”

Aryan exhaled deeply. The decision wasn’t in his hands anymore. The transfer order wasn’t a request—it was a directive. A high-paying, once-in-a-lifetime government opportunity, but also a drastic uprooting of their Earthly life.

Still, a subtle pull stirred within him—an unexplained inner knowing that this move was not just about a career shift but something much greater.

Meera saw the shift in his expression and gently asked, “Are you ready for this?”

Aryan didn’t answer immediately. He looked past the transparent walls of their apartment, where the artificial sky of the domed megacity shimmered above.

For years, he had worked on Earth, but something in him had always sought more—a deeper meaning beyond the routines of life. Could this be the universe’s way of pushing him toward it?

His heart steadied. A new world awaited.

He turned back to his family and smiled.

“Let’s go to the Moon.”

### **The Call to Adventure Begins**

With only a month to prepare, the Verma family began the chaotic yet exhilarating process of selling assets, saying goodbye, and getting interstellar clearance. Ansh couldn’t stop talking about zero gravity, while Avni still wrestled with doubts about her future.

For Aryan, a sense of destiny loomed in the air.

Little did he know, this journey wasn’t just about relocating to another planet—it was about unlocking the mysteries of the cosmos and the vast universe within himself.

His real awakening had just begun.



## **Chapter 2: Leaving the Old World Behind - A Veterinarian's Journey Through the Cosmic Highway**

The Earth was shrinking behind them, a glowing blue pearl fading into the vast darkness. Dr. Aryan Verma adjusted the trajectory of his personal space car, merging onto the Interstellar Highway—a network of metallic lanes stretching between planets, guiding travelers like illuminated veins through the void. The hum of the vehicle's propulsion system resonated through the cabin as Meera, Avni, and Ansh settled in for the long ride.

But not everyone had come along.

His parents had refused to leave Earth, firmly rooted in their ancestral home, a place where generations had lived and died, where their cattle roamed freely, and where the smell of fresh hay and wet soil was more comforting than the promise of technological advancement.

"Aryan, we belong here," his father had said, leaning against the old wooden gate of their dairy farm, watching the family spaceship being readied for departure. "Who will care for our cows, our goats, the soil that has given us everything?"

His mother, usually quiet, had echoed the sentiment. "The Moon may have oxygen domes, but will it have the warmth of a monsoon rain? Will you ever feel the same joy watching a newborn calf take its first steps on that sterile ground?"

Aryan had no answers. The Moon's biosphere colonies had advanced veterinary facilities, research labs, and even artificial pastures, but they would never hold the same soul as Earth's natural ecosystems. He had spent his entire life tending to animals—not just as a profession, but as a bond, a responsibility. Leaving behind the family farm meant severing that connection.

Even the clinic he built with his own hands, where he had treated everything from injured stray dogs to prized racing horses, now stood in the past. It had been a place where he fought against the commercialized, profit-driven aspects of veterinary science, choosing instead to focus on healing with compassion. The bureaucracy, the pharmaceutical dominance, the constant pressure to conform to standardized treatments rather than holistic care—all of it had drained him. But leaving was no easy relief.

## **Children's Struggles: Education, Friendships, and Loss**

Avni, in her final year of college, had spent her last days on Earth researching lunar education systems. "Baba, their veterinary courses are different. The entire study structure focuses on genetically modified animals and bio-engineered species. What if I can't adapt for. Actually she was fond of keeping these as choice subjects for her father being in the veterinary field?"

Ansh had been more emotional, clinging to his favorite rescue dog, Bruno, on the morning of departure. "Can't we take him with us?" he had begged. The quarantine restrictions on interplanetary animal transport had made it impossible. Aryan had promised Bruno would be well cared for at the family farm, but that didn't make it easier.

The separation from relatives, school friends, and even the rhythm of Earth's natural seasons weighed on them. Festivals would now be celebrated in a simulated dome, where the air smelled recycled and the trees were artificial. No more running through open fields, no more cool evening breezes carrying the scent of blooming flowers.

But despite the pain of leaving, there was a strange relief.

## **Escaping the Chaos of Earth**

As Aryan maneuvered through the orbital checkpoints, a sense of liberation washed over him. Earth had become suffocating—not because of its natural beauty, but because of the people, the systems, the mind games.

The work environment had grown more about politics than healing, where flattery mattered more than skill.

The corporate dominance over veterinary medicine had forced him into uncomfortable compromises, pushing treatments based on profit rather than genuine care.

His non-dualistic approach to SharirVigyanDarshan, which integrated the animal body with its spiritual existence, had been ridiculed as unscientific nonsense.

The constant pressure to conform, the invasive mind-molding culture, and the lack of respect for personal boundaries had become unbearable.

On the Moon, he hoped for solitude, focus, and a pure connection to his work—a place where he could study the deeper consciousness of animals without interference, without being forced into a commercialized framework of medicine.

Meera, watching him, sensed his unspoken thoughts. “Feeling lighter already?” she asked with a knowing smile.

“Yes,” he admitted. “At least up here, no one will try to twist my mind or question my beliefs every day.”

She squeezed his hand gently. “We’re not escaping. We’re just moving toward something better.”

### **The Space Highway: A New Kind of Travel**

The Interstellar Highway was busier than expected.

Massive cargo freighters carried supplies to lunar colonies, while passenger ships transported workers, researchers, and families like theirs. They passed a floating restaurant-station, where holographic menus advertised everything from Earth-grown wheat pancakes to synthetic meat delicacies.

Meera chuckled as Ansh eagerly pressed his face against the window. “Even in space, humans can’t resist setting up highway diners.”

A few hours into the journey, they hit an unexpected traffic jam. A freight drone had malfunctioned, blocking one of the orbital lanes. The space cops hovered around, rerouting smaller vehicles.

“Looks like traffic jams are universal,” Aryan muttered.

As they waited, Avni scrolled through her lunar school handbook. “Baba, they have an advanced animal genetics research center in Luna Colony-5. You might find it interesting.”

Aryan nodded, intrigued. Perhaps the Moon wouldn’t be as lifeless as he feared.

### **Approaching the Moon: A Final Look Back**

As they neared the Moon’s orbit, Aryan glanced at the rearview screen.

Earth was now a distant sphere, glowing softly in the darkness. It was beautiful yet unreachable, a place they had once called home but could never fully return to.

His father's words echoed in his mind. "You may reach the Moon, Aryan, but my soul is rooted in this Earth."

But his soul belonged wherever the animals were, wherever he could practice his dharma without chains, wherever he could be himself without fighting against the noise of the world.

And right now, that place was the Moon.

Their new life was about to begin.

### **Chapter 3: Moon Colony – A New Home**

As Dr. Aryan Verma's space car drifted past the final checkpoint of the space highway, the vast, silvery expanse of the Moon colony came into full view. The sight was breathtaking—an intricate network of interconnected domes glistening under the Sun's distant glow, forming a self-sustaining ecosystem in the heart of the void. Unlike Earth, where the sky wrapped around life like a comforting blanket, here, there was only the endless black of space, dotted with distant stars—silent, still, and yet brimming with a strange aliveness.

The landing zone was a large circular platform, softly illuminated by embedded guiding lights. As the space car touched down with a gentle hum, Aryan took a deep breath. The air inside the colony was oxygen-rich and clean—manufactured to perfection, yet missing the raw scent of soil, trees, and life.

#### **Settling Into Their New Home**

Meera stepped out first, her eyes scanning the unfamiliar surroundings. The residential buildings were unlike anything on Earth—sleek, minimalistic, and designed to withstand the Moon's extreme conditions. Their home was a spacious dome-shaped unit, transparent from the top to give a panoramic view of space while shielding them from harmful radiation. Inside, everything was optimized for comfort—gravity regulators ensured normal movement, temperature control systems mimicked Earth's warmth, and artificial gardens provided a sense of greenery.

Avni and Ansh rushed in, exploring every corner with excitement. "It's so quiet," Avni whispered, feeling the stark contrast from Earth's chaotic, noisy environment. Even their voices felt different in the controlled atmosphere, softer, almost floating.

"True calmness is rare," Aryan remarked, placing a reassuring hand on Meera's shoulder. "Back on Earth, we were always surrounded by distractions—noise, competition, the constant molding of minds. Here, there's space... in every sense."

#### **Memories of Earth & The Pain of Letting Go**

Despite the futuristic marvel of their new home, a sense of longing lingered in the air. Aryan's parents had refused to come along, unwilling to leave behind the ancestral home, the farmlands, and the animals they had nurtured for dec-

ades. "We belong to Earth," his father had said firmly before they left. "Life is not just about comfort; it is about connection. The land, the trees, the animals—they are part of us."

Aryan had respected their decision, but the pain was undeniable. He had grown up surrounded by fields, the sound of birds at dawn, the familiar scent of rain-soaked earth. And now, all of it was a quarter-million miles away, locked in memories.

The children, too, had struggled with the transition. Avni, despite her fascination with technology, had found it hard to leave behind her friends and adapt to a new education system that was starkly different from Earth's. "It's like starting over," she had sighed. But she had chosen optional veterinary subjects, a way to stay connected with her father's work and her childhood love for animals. Ansh, being younger, adapted more easily, but he too had moments of silent sadness.

### **Space – Beyond Existence & Non-Existence**

Sitting in their new home, gazing out at the infinite blackness beyond, Aryan spoke to Meera about a realization that had struck him deeply. "People think we are traveling in space, as if this journey is something extraordinary. But they don't realize they, too, are constantly moving in space—whether on Earth or beyond. Mass is just an illusion; at its core, everything is energy. The only real travel is the one happening within."

Meera nodded, absorbing his words. In a way, space itself was like the state before creation—neither existent nor non-existent, yet undeniably present. This awareness was comforting. Just as the Moon had become their new home, this journey beyond material attachment was a step closer to something deeper.

### **The Pluto Transfer – A Fateful Turn**

Aryan had almost been transferred to Pluto before the Moon assignment. Given his ankylosing spondylitis, he had canceled the transfer at the last moment—Pluto's extreme cold would have worsened his condition. Interestingly, without his direct involvement, his reassignment had been adjusted to the Moon instead. Perhaps fate had played its part.

"But you know," Aryan mused, "once you cross a certain distance from your old habitat, it doesn't matter where you go. The mind lets go of attachment equally, whether it's the Moon or Pluto."

Meera smiled. "Then maybe the real home isn't a place—it's what we carry within."

### **Technology vs. Naturalness – The Balance of Evolution**

Despite the incredible advancements of space civilization, Aryan had observed something curious—most people still preferred natural experiences over artificial alternatives. Technology had advanced to a point where one could extract anything from the void and dissolve anything back into it by manipulating virtual particles. Even food could be directly injected into the bloodstream, bypassing the need to eat. Yet, people still preferred eating meals the traditional way. How to get joy of food taste without eating it.

"Naturalness has a separate joy," Aryan said, watching a nearby gravity-regulated sports field where children played under artificial moonlight. "Just like grounding in yoga is only possible due to gravity. If one levitates endlessly, one can never touch the peak—one remains floating, never truly arriving."

Meera agreed. "It's the same with life. Too much ease takes away the challenge that fuels growth. Maybe that's why, despite all the chaos on Earth, it still holds a special place in people's hearts."

### **Embracing the Silence for Inner Transformation**

As Aryan lay back, staring at the stars, he reflected on the past and the journey ahead. Earth had been a whirlwind—rushed schedules, mindless social games, the suffocating need to conform. But here, there was stillness. And in stillness, there was space to evolve.

The chaos of the past had not been in vain. It had taught him to value peace, to use calmness as an opportunity—not for idleness, but for inner transformation.

The Moon was no utopia, nor was it an escape. It was simply the next step—a chance to move beyond the illusions of existence and non-existence, to touch something deeper, something timeless.

And so, their new life on the Moon had begun.



## **Chapter 4: First Impressions of Lunar Life**

The Verma family had finally settled into their new home on the Moon. The sterile yet sophisticated lunar habitat, a stark contrast to their old Earthly home, offered a strange mix of comfort and detachment. The walls of their residence were embedded with technology that simulated Earth-like conditions—adjustable atmospheric pressure, controlled temperature, and even a subtle magnetic field to mimic gravity's effects on the body. Yet, no matter how advanced, it could never fully replicate the deep-rooted familiarity of home.

Avni leaned against the transparent dome wall, gazing at the vast lunar landscape. The ground stretched endlessly, a dusty silver under the artificial illumination of the colony. In the distance, vehicles moved smoothly on electromagnetic highways, floating silently toward research centers, residential sectors, and hydroponic farms.

"This place is like something out of a dream," she murmured.

Ansh, meanwhile, was completely immersed in the joy of low gravity. He had spent the last hour experimenting with jumps, each one launching him higher than before. "I can't believe this! I feel like a superhero!" he shouted mid-air before gently landing back on the floor.

Meera sighed. "You better not break anything. We haven't even been here a full day."

Aryan, sitting at the dining table with a steaming cup of synthetic chai, smiled. "Let him enjoy. This is the only place where falling won't hurt him."

Meera shook her head, still adjusting to this bizarre new life.

### **A World Unlike Earth**

The first thing they noticed about lunar life was the peace. Unlike the chaotic urban landscapes of Earth, filled with honking vehicles, political debates, and the ceaseless noise of civilization, the Moon colony was eerily silent. Even the busiest streets of the settlement felt meditative in their quietness. The people here moved with a deliberate grace, not out of sluggishness but as if the very environment demanded mindfulness.

Meera exhaled deeply. "I don't hear a single unnecessary sound. No rush, no interruptions. It's strange."

Aryan leaned back. "Maybe this is what Earth was supposed to be like before we filled it with distractions."

Avni nodded. "I read somewhere that astronauts who went to space often felt a 'cognitive shift.' They saw Earth as this tiny, fragile ball floating in the void and suddenly all the things they once worried about seemed insignificant. Maybe people here feel that all the time."

Aryan smiled. "It makes sense. People on Earth think we've traveled far, but aren't they also constantly moving? The whole planet is spinning at 1600 km/h while orbiting the Sun at 107,000 km/h. They are space travelers too, but they don't realize it."

Meera exhaled, thinking of the people they had left behind. Their parents, still attached to their ancestral home, had refused to come. Their farm, their animals, their life's work—everything was tied to Earth. Meera's father had said, "We were born with soil under our feet. We will die with it under our feet. You go if you must, but don't ask us to leave."

It wasn't just the older generation. Even Avni and Ansh had struggled with the move. Leaving friends, adjusting to a different education system, adapting to a new curriculum—it had been an emotional storm for them. No more spontaneous meetups, no more Earthly festivals celebrated in open fields, no more lazy evenings watching sunsets.

"Do you think we made the right choice?" Meera asked Aryan.

He took a slow sip of chai and thought before answering. "There was no perfect choice, Meera. We had to leave some things behind, but we've also left behind a world that never respected inner peace. No more corporate flattery, no more nonsensical office politics, no more meaningless social rituals. And let's not forget—no more disrespect for nondual Sharirvigyan Darshan."

Meera nodded. It was true. Earthly life had become a competition of status, power, and mind games. Here, in this silent lunar expanse, there was room to breathe, to think, to just be.

## Technology vs. Natural Living

For all its advancements, the Moon colony had one major drawback—it lacked the raw, untamed beauty of Earth. Everything here was artificial: the temperature, the air, even the food. The colony had perfected the science of extracting nutrients from raw elements and delivering them in efficient, easy-to-consume meals.

But that efficiency came at a cost.

Ansh poked at his meal, unimpressed. “It doesn’t taste like home-cooked food.”

Meera sighed. “It has all the nutrients we need, but where’s the joy of eating?”

Aryan understood. “That’s the thing with super-advanced technology. It can replicate function, but it can’t replace experience.”

Avni, always the philosopher, added, “It’s like how people on Earth still loved vintage bikes and heritage hotels. Even when technology advances, some things—like food, real gravity, and natural landscapes—remain irreplaceable.”

Aryan nodded. “That’s why in yoga, grounding to the base chakra is tied to gravity. Without natural grounding, how can one push back and jump to the highest states? Even those who mastered anti-gravity technology preferred the natural feel of weight on their feet.”

Meera sighed. “Then why did we come here?”

Aryan smiled. “Because awareness is more valuable than comfort. Earth was a place of noise, but here, we can finally hear ourselves. And that is priceless.”

## The Cosmic Perspective

That night, as they sat by the transparent dome wall, looking at the vast, star-filled sky, Aryan spoke.

“Leaving Earth was difficult, but isn’t life a series of departures? We leave childhood, we leave our homes, and eventually, we even leave our bodies. Every goodbye is a preparation for the final one. So why not embrace change while we still can?”

Meera, still watching the stars, whispered, "Do you think one day even space will feel small?"

Aryan smiled. "Perhaps. Just as Earth once felt vast, but now seems like a dot in space. Maybe one day, after we explore enough, we will realize that even space is limited—compared to the infinite vastness within."

Avni listened quietly, absorbing every word. Ansh had dozed off, curled up against Meera, unaware of the deep cosmic thoughts being exchanged around him.

For the first time since their arrival, a deep, peaceful silence filled their hearts. They had left behind a world of chaos, but they had gained something far greater—a glimpse of the infinite.

And in that moment, they knew they had made the right choice.

## Chapter 5: Space Economy & Trade

The Verma family had begun to settle into their new lunar home, embracing the unique rhythm of life on the Moon. The initial awe of low-gravity adventures and the serene, meditative environment had started to blend into their daily routine. Yet, amidst this adaptation, Dr. Aryan Verma found himself grappling with pangs of homesickness. The vast distance between the Moon and Earth felt insurmountable at times, and he often mused about the possibility of instantaneous teleportation, yearning for the comfort of his earthly belongings and the familiar embrace of home. The 12-hour spacecraft journey, though a marvel of modern technology, seemed too lengthy and exhausting to undertake frequently, making spontaneous visits to Earth an impractical dream.

This longing was further exacerbated by the whispers of some who viewed their relocation as a permanent exile, a one-way ticket away from the cradle of humanity. Aryan's desire to debunk this notion, to prove that their move was not an abandonment but an expansion of horizons, weighed heavily on his mind.

In an attempt to bridge this emotional chasm, Aryan delved into understanding the intricate web of trade that connected the Moon to Earth. This exchange was not merely a transfer of goods but a lifeline that tethered the two celestial bodies in a symbiotic relationship. Earth supplied the Moon with essential commodities such as grains, vegetables, and milk—staples that were challenging to produce in the lunar environment. The Moon, in return, offered Earth's industries a wealth of minerals, including lithium and gold, extracted from its regolith. This trade was not just about resources but a testament to human ingenuity and the relentless pursuit of progress.

Trade between Earth and the Moon felt like something out of ancient myths, where gods traveled between worlds with ease. Today, science had created its own magical ways to move goods across space. The **Lunar Mass Driver** worked like a giant slingshot, launching gold, lithium, and other minerals from the Moon toward Earth. It didn't even need fuel—just magnetism and precision, much like a divine weapon hitting its target perfectly. Then came the **Skyhook Stations**, huge floating structures in space that caught these shipments mid-air and safely guided them down to Earth, just like Hanuman carrying the Sanjeevani herb from the mountains in mythological stories. For important goods that needed to arrive quickly, **fusion-powered space shuttles**—like the flying chariots of old legends—sped between the planets, reducing travel time to just a few hours. And in the most futuristic development, scientists were working on **quantum teleportation**, which seemed almost like the magic used by ancient sages, allowing objects to appear instantly in another place.

This new way of trading was not just about technology. It felt like a **blend of science and ancient wisdom**, where space travel was turning myths into reality, making life between Earth and the Moon more connected than ever. Gravity-defying transport had also started revolutionizing trade. Advanced anti-gravity carriers, inspired by ancient myths of celestial chariots, floated effortlessly between lunar domes and Earth-bound cargo ships. Using quantum levitation and electromagnetic propulsion, these silent gliders transported gold, lithium, and minerals from the Moon while returning with fresh produce, grains, and dairy from Earth. The seamless, fuel-free movement not only made trade faster but also preserved the lunar environment, proving that technology, when aligned with nature, could create a harmonious balance between worlds.

Although the **Moonites** had mastered the art of living purely on **subtle prana**, requiring nothing external for survival, they sometimes desired a slight taste of earthly chaos. Unlike the deep stillness of their lunar existence, Earth carried a different vibration—one of movement, emotion, and unpredictability. To invite a touch of this dynamic energy into their otherwise serene minds, they engaged in limited trade with **Lunar Colonists**. It wasn't for survival, but for experience. A small intake of **Eartherian food, scents, or artifacts** was enough to stir a ripple of thought, breaking their deep mental silence just enough to interact with the colonists. This balance allowed them to maintain their wisdom while briefly tasting the restless curiosity of Earth, before dissolving once again into their vast ocean of tranquility. Thus, trade wasn't just about material exchange—it was an **exchange of energies**. The Moonites offered their advanced knowledge, minerals, and rare elements, while the Lunar Colonists provided food, books, and art to stir the Moonites' silent minds just a little—before they returned to their meditative stillness.

You can better understand their behavior through the analogy of gods. You might have heard the way **divine idols** functioned. Though they neither eat, drink, nor breathe, the moment **prasad or food, water, and incense** are offered with devotion, they seem to accept it, coming alive with divine presence and bestowing blessings upon their devotees. Similarly, the **Moonites**, though self-sustained on pure prana, would partake in earthly offerings—not out of necessity, but out of a willful choice. A slight exposure to **Eartherian food, aromas, or artifacts** stirred their deep stillness just enough to interact, much like deities responding to worship. Once their purpose was fulfilled, they effortlessly **returned to their meditative silence**, as if dissolving back into the cosmic vastness from which they emerged.

However, Aryan couldn't ignore the irony that many on Earth clung to outdated practices in the name of honoring their ancestors, often at the expense of the environment and personal well-being. This resistance to change had hindered efforts to combat pressing issues like overpopulation, poverty, extremism, radicalism, war mongering, blind faith, global warming etc. Aryan reflected on how

humanity's attachment to tradition sometimes blinded them to necessary evolution, spiritual as well as material, a mindset that their move to the Moon symbolically challenged. Aryan knew well that it was more important to keep ancestors in the heart rather than attach them only to unnecessary and mortal material things.

The lunar society they had joined was markedly different. The inhabitants valued introspection and maintained a respectful distance, allowing each individual the space to explore their inner selves. This environment, devoid of unnecessary social intrusions, was a sanctuary for contemplation. The locals' preference for solitude was not born out of disdain but a deep respect for personal boundaries and a collective understanding of the value of inner peace. This cultural trait was perhaps a defense mechanism, developed over time to protect themselves from past invasions by outsiders seeking the Moon's rich resources, such as gold and lithium. Those attacks were mostly from neighbouring barren lands like Jupiter and Venus.

This societal structure suited Aryan perfectly. Freed from the constant buzz of social obligations, he found ample time to turn inward, to meditate and reflect—a practice that had always been a part of him but now found fertile ground to flourish. Contemplating on their past legendary ancestors was in the blood of people there. Along with, the Moon's universal reputation as the abode of ancestors also called as *pitṛloka* or *chāndraloka* added a spiritual dimension to his contemplation. Lunar tantric yoga was an unmatched gift given to Moon by the ancestors. There were moments during his meditative practices when Aryan felt a profound connection to his lineage, as if the spirits of his forebears were present, guiding and comforting him. Call it awakening, *samadhi*, Guru visualization or meditative contemplation, experience doesn't differ. This deepened his appreciation for the Moon's cultural significance and the ancient belief that ancestors resided there.

His professional life also benefited from this tranquil environment. Leading a team of highly skilled and dedicated individuals, Aryan adopted a holistic approach to management. He encouraged his team to pursue personal and spiritual growth alongside their professional duties, understanding that a fulfilled individual contributes more meaningfully to the collective goal. This philosophy fostered a harmonious work environment where employees felt valued and motivated, resulting in exceptional productivity and innovation. This holistic approach was different from common earthly instinct where only professional growth is counted on, neglecting the personal and spiritual growth.



The indigenous inhabitants of the Moon, a type of divine aliens, characterized by their large heads—a physical trait attributed to their advanced evolution—embodied the pinnacle of meditative practice. It seemed the lack of gravity had resulted in saving of their lot of body energy that had driven their exceptional brain growth. They had mastered spontaneous breath retention yoga, existing in a state akin to kevalkumbhak or Samadhi, where breathing ceased naturally, and life was sustained by subtle prana. This profound control over their physiology contributed to their calm demeanor and deep spiritual presence. Their DNA had adapted to these practices over millennia, making such traits inherent from birth. Their tranquil and introspective nature served as a living testament to the possibilities of spiritual evolution, offering Aryan a glimpse into a state of being that transcended the physical limitations of the human form.

Immersed in this unique blend of technological advancement and spiritual depth, Aryan's initial homesickness began to wane. He realized that their journey to the Moon was not an escape from Earth but an expansion into a new realm of possibilities—a chance to redefine their existence and contribute to a burgeoning society that harmoniously blended the material and the spiritual. The Moon had become more than a new home; it was a canvas upon which they could paint the next chapter of human evolution.

## **Part 2: Life and Work as a Veterinarian on the Moon**

### **Chapter 6 – Veterinarian on the Moon**

As Aryan walked through the quiet corridors of the lunar habitat, his mind remained divided between two worlds—the Earth he had left behind and the Moon that now shaped his existence. The trade routes had been established, and life on the Moon was gradually settling into its rhythm. Yet, something kept gnawing at him—what was his true purpose here? Treating animals in space was undoubtedly a fascinating challenge, but the larger questions of existence, contemplation, and transformation were becoming equally important.

One thing that struck him deeply was how the Moon's calm and undisturbed environment encouraged deep meditation. There was no daily chaos, no distractions, only the vast silence stretching endlessly beyond the domes. It was the perfect place to sink into the depths of contemplation. But then a thought arose—what would he even contemplate if he hadn't first absorbed the images, memories, and emotions from Earth? The Moon felt like the second half of a movie, but could the second half even exist without the first? How could he ignore the role of Earth in shaping his spiritual path?

The moonites—those original inhabitants with large heads and an aura of tranquility—lived in a breathless state of pure prana. They were beyond the need for food, air, or water, existing in a state similar to KevalaKumbhaka. Yet, something fascinating was happening. The influence of earthly colonists had started disturbing their stillness. Some of them, for the first time, were drawn to the practice of contemplating visible images—mainly of ancestors. It was as if the subtle chaos of Earth had reached even this meditative civilization, pulling them slightly away from their formless awareness into a more structured form of devotion. However, they had always contemplated their ancestors, but not out of compulsion or a need for growth. It was merely a way to receive a slight meditative stimulus, a gentle touch of form within their vast formless awareness. It means they used to oscillate between Nirvikalpa and Savikalpa Samadhi as a form of meditative play—shifting effortlessly between pure awareness and subtle form contemplation, not out of necessity but as a kind of spiritual amusement.

This shift fascinated Aryan. It made him realize that pure awareness, without any visible mark or symbol, could be directly contemplated—just as the moonites had done for eons. But when chaos arose, even the most subtle minds found comfort in visible symbols. It was as if they had momentarily forgotten their pure awareness, and contemplation of form was a way to regain that lost

depth. It reminded him of the gods on Earth—silent and untouched, requiring neither food nor breath. Yet, when devotees offered prasada, water, or incense, the divine forms seemed to respond, becoming alive in their presence and bestowing blessings.

Amid these thoughts, Aryan found himself returning to his work. His task was unlike anything he had ever done on Earth. Treating animals in space came with unique challenges—gravity played tricks on their bodies, food digestion patterns changed, and even their biological clocks struggled to adapt. The livestock brought from Earth had initially faced severe difficulties. Cows produced less milk under reduced gravity, and birds struggled to fly in enclosed habitats. But Aryan, with his deep experience, adapted quickly. He experimented with customized diet plans, artificial gravity systems, and even subtle pranic healing techniques inspired by the moonites' breath mastery.

On one day, a particular Moonite had been found weak, barely able to hold its form together. When Aryan was called in to help, he realized that it was not suffering from any disease—it was experiencing a kind of “pranic depletion,” something that had no equivalent in earthly medicine. With a carefully controlled approach, Aryan introduced a mild electromagnetic pulse, simulating Earth's natural energy fields. The Moonite, which had been fading, slowly regained its form, pulsing gently as if breathing once more. It was a success, yet it left Aryan pondering—what did it mean to be alive? Were prana and awareness the true essence of existence?

While working among different types of peculiar and strange lunar creatures never seen and heard about on earth, one question haunted him: **Why did life continue to push beings toward survival and reproduction?** He had observed that when people or creatures found themselves dissatisfied with their own growth, they instinctively turned toward procreation—as if passing the baton to the next generation would ensure victory. But he knew nature had a higher demand. Instead of just multiplying endlessly, what if humanity learned to divert that energy toward inner transformation? The Moon, with its meditative aura, seemed to whisper this very lesson.

Aryan often reflected on the nature of prana itself. **Prana down means death, prana up means life. But what about a state beyond both?** If prana was neither up nor down, it meant neither life nor death—just pure awareness. The constant up-and-down movement of prana created the experience of life and death in cycles. When someone died, their prana did not completely vanish. It was said to exit through the lower chakras, meaning it still functioned but at an extremely low frequency—too subtle to produce conscious thoughts. That's why

the world felt dark and empty after death. But the subconscious mind, powered by this low-level prana, remained active. If it wasn't dissolved through yogic samadhi before death, it carried forward into the next birth.

This made Aryan realize something profound. **Prana is never truly absent—it only becomes unmanifested.** And that's why the Moon felt so meditative. The entire environment was pranaless—not in the sense of being dead, but in the sense of prana being undisturbed by agitated breathing beings. Whether it was the lifeless landscapes or the breathless moonites, all existed in a kind of silent equilibrium. In contrast, Earth was chaotic because prana was constantly being stirred, disturbed, and reshaped by the countless beings breathing upon it.

His thoughts deepened as he observed the subtle changes in the moonites. Many had begun interacting with the colonists and adopting their ways. The influence of earthly life had introduced new ideas—both good and bad. **Was it inevitable?** History had shown that civilizations untouched by outside forces remained pure but also stagnant. Could it be that a little chaos was necessary for evolution?

Aryan, though deeply introspective, did not let these thoughts interfere with his work. He had built a strong team—highly skilled and dedicated individuals who shared his holistic approach. Unlike Earth's rigid professional culture, where only technical skills were valued, Aryan encouraged personal and spiritual growth as well. He gave his team full freedom to explore their potential, knowing that true excellence came from inner fulfillment, not just external discipline. In return, his workforce worked with full dedication, free from unnecessary resistance.

Meanwhile, lunar society functioned with an introverted and self-contained style. People rarely interfered with one another's affairs, and unnecessary criticism was absent. Their nonviolent, silent, and contemplative culture reminded Aryan of ancient sages who withdrew from the world to seek the ultimate truth. But he also knew that withdrawal was not the complete answer. **One had to experience life in order to transcend it.**

Looking back at his own journey, he realized he had come to the Moon for many reasons—scientific, professional, and spiritual. But now, he saw the deeper significance. It was not just about treating animals in space or adapting to a new world. It was about learning from a civilization that had mastered stillness, while also recognizing that change was inevitable. Even the moonites, as timeless as they seemed, were beginning to shift under the influence of earthly life.

For Aryan, this meant one thing: **Nothing remains untouched forever—not even the Moon.**

And perhaps, in that truth, lay the greatest lesson of all.



## Chapter 7 – The Moon’s Animal University

*(From the book “Journey Beyond Earth – A Veterinarian’s Life on the Moon”)*

Dr. Aryan Verma stood before the towering gates of **Lunar Animal University**, the most prestigious veterinary school in the entire Milky Way. The sight of the massive, silver-etched insignia of the **Moonites**, glowing under the Earth’s faint blue light, sent a shiver through him. His heart pounded—not from fear, but from the weight of this moment.

This was no ordinary university. This was where the most brilliant minds—human, extraterrestrial, and beyond—competed for a coveted **Veterinary Sciences of Cosmic Species degree**. The Moonites, beings of pure awareness who had never breathed, had invited him here to prove himself.

Meera had been skeptical when Aryan first told her about this. *“The Moonites never needed a veterinarian before. Why now?”* she had asked. *“Because they want to understand earthly life,”* he had said. *“And maybe because I want to understand something bigger too.”*

Even now, standing at the threshold of this place, he wasn’t sure whether he was here to heal animals or to uncover the **secrets of existence itself**.

### **An Unseen Competition**

Inside the university, the atmosphere was otherworldly. Unlike Earth, where medical schools reeked of antiseptic and stress, this place was **silent, luminous, and pulsating with an unseen energy**. There were no **walls**—just vast, open spaces that seemed to bend around thought itself.

Candidates from across the **cosmos** had gathered here. Some had **six limbs**, others **spoke in vibrational hums**, and a few had **no physical forms at all**. Yet, somehow, they were all here for the same purpose—to become a **healer of interstellar life**.

A low vibration filled the space as the **Moonite instructors arrived**. They weren’t made of flesh but of **soft, translucent light, radiating a presence more felt than seen**.

*“Your first test begins now,”* one of them announced, its voice entering not through the ears, but directly into Aryan’s consciousness.

A small, silver **orb** floated before him, slowly unfolding into an intricate **holographic creature**. It had the **eyes of an owl**, the **spine of a serpent**, and the **paws of a wolf**, all merged into one surreal form.

*“Diagnose its ailment,”* the Moonite said.

Aryan hesitated. On Earth, he relied on scans, observations, and experience. But this creature was **unlike anything he had ever encountered**. He reached out instinctively but felt **nothing**—only empty space.

*“You will not find the answer through touch,”* the Moonite said. *“Feel its energy instead.”*

Closing his eyes, Aryan took a slow breath. He let go of thought, letting his awareness expand **beyond logic, beyond biology**. Suddenly, he felt it—a **faint disharmony in the creature’s pranic flow**, a slight **disturbance in its stillness**.

*“Its Prana and Apana are imbalanced,”* Aryan whispered.

A moment of silence. Then, a gentle pulse of **acknowledgment** filled the space.

*“Correct.”*

He had passed the first test. But he could feel it—the real challenge was only beginning.

### **The Secret of the Moonites**

Days turned into weeks, and Aryan became immersed in his studies. But one question **haunted him**—why did the Moonites, who had no breath and no duality of Prana and Apana, care about veterinary sciences?

One evening, as he sat with Meera and their children, Avni and Ansh, on the luminous sands of the Moon’s surface, he finally voiced his thoughts.

*“Meera, something doesn’t add up. The Moonites don’t breathe, yet they want to understand breathing life. Why?”*

Meera, ever the practical one, watched as Avni and Ansh chased **floating orbs of soft light**, their laughter ringing through the emptiness.

*“Maybe they want to understand what makes Earthly life so restless,”* she said. *“You always talk about how Prana and Apana separate with breathing. Maybe they want to know why we suffer through it.”*

Aryan nodded, deep in thought.

*“Breathing churns pure awareness like milk,”* he murmured. *“Thoughts rise as glistening butter, and subconscious heaviness settles like lassi. That’s why we struggle—to turn it back into milk, to restore what was lost.”*

Some call this butter Shakti and lassi Shiva, as butter rises to the top like refined energy, while lassi remains spread out and deep, holding everything within. Others see it the opposite way, with butter as Shiva, the still essence, and lassi as Shakti, ever dynamic and moving. In reality, both are just different expressions of the same truth—interwoven and inseparable.

Meera smiled and said, **“So, in the end, whether you call butter Shiva or Shakti, or lassi Shiva or Shakti, it doesn’t really matter. What matters is that without both, there’s no complete milk. Just like without both stillness and movement, the universe wouldn’t exist.”**

Aryan nodded thoughtfully and said, **“Exactly! Just like breath—inhale, exhale. Just like life—action, rest. Neither is complete without the other.”**



**Shiva and Shakti are not two separate things; they are the rhythm of existence itself."**

Meera turned to him, her eyes filled with quiet understanding.

*"But the Moonites never breathed," she said. "So they never lost that pure awareness."*

On hearing this, their son Ansh suddenly asked, **"So, if Moonites don't breathe, does that mean they never have to worry about bad breath?"** The room fell silent for a moment—then, all at once, they burst into laughter.

However, the realization struck Aryan like lightning. **That was why they could exist in eternal stillness—because they had never been churned by breath in the first place.**

### **The Final Test: Merging Prana and Apana**

As the final stage of his education, Aryan was called to the **Chamber of Stillness**, a place where no physical form could function. He stood in the endless expanse, where **time and space lost their meaning.**

A voice filled his awareness.

*"To heal the cosmos, you must first heal yourself. Separate the churning of breath, and see what remains."*

Aryan sat down, closing his eyes. He **felt his breath**, moving **in and out, up and down**, splitting his awareness into **duality**—one rising, one falling. The cycle of suffering.

Then, something shifted.

He stopped focusing on breath itself and instead held both the **expansion of consciousness** and the **grounded awareness of body at the same time.**

Slowly, the two merged. Prana and Apana were no longer separate. **They became one unified force, neither moving up nor down, neither rising nor falling.**

In that instant, a deep **stillness** overcame him—a **silence more profound than he had ever known.** He felt himself dissolving, no longer **just Aryan, just human, just earthly.** He was something else, something **vast, eternal.**

He opened his eyes.

The Moonites stood before him, radiant and silent. But now, he could feel them—not as separate beings, but as **expressions of the same stillness he had just touched.**

*"You understand now,"* the Moonite said.

And he did.

For the first time, Aryan saw the truth—his journey wasn't just about healing **animals, planets, or species**. It was about healing **existence itself**—by restoring the unity that had been lost through breath.

### **Returning to Earth, But Not as the Same Man**

The day finally came for Aryan and his family to leave the Moon. As they prepared for their journey back, Avni tugged at his sleeve.

*"Papa, will you still be a veterinarian when we go back?"*

Aryan smiled, lifting her onto his shoulders.

*"Yes, Avni. But I think I'll be healing more than just animals now."*

As their spaceship ascended, the **silver glow of the Moon** faded into the vast blackness of space. Aryan closed his eyes one last time, feeling the **silent presence of the Moonites within him**.

They                      had                      never                      breathed.  
And yet, in their presence, he had finally understood **what it meant to be truly alive**.

This journey was never just about science. It was a search for **truth, for unity, for the stillness beneath all movement**.

And now, as Dr. Aryan Verma returned to Earth, he carried with him **something far greater than a degree—he carried the memory of what it felt like to touch the eternal**.

### **The suspense unfolds now**

As Aryan gazed into the endless expanse of the Moon's everlasting landscape, lost in thought, Meera noticed his expression and smiled. "What's on your mind?" she asked softly.

Aryan chuckled, leaning back. "Just imagining the future... and also remembering the past."

Ansh's eyes lit up with curiosity. "What kind of past, Papa?"

Aryan's face softened. "The time when I first came to the Moon as a student. You know, I was selected for my veterinary degree at the prestigious Moon University through an intergalactic entrance exam. But adapting here wasn't easy. Everything felt so strange—the energies, the food, the way of living."

Avni leaned in, fascinated. "How did you manage?"

Aryan smiled. "Your great-grandfather. He traveled with me to help me settle in. He was a deeply spiritual man, and even he was amazed by the tranquility of this place. He used to say that the peace here was beyond anything he had ever experienced, even in deep meditation."

Meera listened intently. "I never knew he visited the Moon."

Aryan nodded. "He even wanted to stay here permanently. He dreamt of buying a home and a field of rice here. But back then, space travel wasn't advanced enough. We used to travel by space buses, and private space vehicles weren't available to common people."

Ansh tilted his head. "But he couldn't stay?"

Aryan's expression grew distant. "No. After four or five years, he passed away on Earth, carrying his wish with him to another world. I couldn't even come back to see him one last time because space travel was still limited back then."

A heavy silence filled the room. Avni was the first to speak. "That must've been hard."

Aryan sighed. "It was. But I've always felt that maybe, in some way, life gave me a chance to fulfill his wish. Later, when I was appointed as a veterinarian on the Moon, I knew it wasn't just coincidence."

Meera reached for his hand. "Maybe he's watching, proud of what you've become."

Aryan smiled faintly. "Maybe." He took a deep breath and shifted his tone. "And then there's the future... the way I used to dream about it back when I was a teenager."

Ansh grinned. "What did you dream about?"

Aryan chuckled. "The usual things. Falling in love, marrying a beautiful girl, having smart and adorable children, traveling across the world, and enjoying life when I got a highly paid job."

Avni smirked. "And what else?"

Aryan's expression turned thoughtful. "More than just material success, I imagined having deep, love-filled conversations with my family... about life, about the balance between worldly achievements and spiritual wisdom."

Meera raised an amused eyebrow. "Sounds like quite a dream."

Aryan nodded. "It is. But dreams have a way of shaping reality, don't they?"

A comfortable silence settled between them, as if, for a brief moment, they could all see the life he had envisioned—a future woven with love, purpose, and the endless possibilities of the cosmos.

This journey was never just about science. It was a search for **truth, for unity, for the stillness beneath all movement.**

## Chapter 8 – Ancestors on Earth & Nostalgia

Dr. Aryan Verma sat on the edge of his lunar home's terrace, gazing at the brilliant blue Earth suspended in the sky. The sight never failed to stir something deep inside him—memories, emotions, attachments, everything that still connected him to his ancestors on Earth. His parents, his extended family, their voices, their traditions—everything still existed on that distant world, yet it all felt like a different lifetime.

He had spoken to them many times through holographic calls, had seen their wrinkled yet loving faces, heard their laughter, their concern for him, Meera, Avni, and Ansh. And yet, something was missing. They were still bound by time, while here on the Moon, time itself felt like an illusion. The tranquility was so vast, so immersive, that years felt like days. The more he lived here, the more he lost touch with the sense of linear time.

Meera joined him, placing a warm hand on his shoulder. "You're thinking about them again, aren't you?"

Aryan nodded, sighing. "I can't help it. Time here moves so fast, Meera. Every time I talk to them, they seem older, frailer. But for me... it feels like just yesterday that we left Earth."

Meera sat beside him, wrapping her arms around her knees. "They must feel the opposite. For them, we've been gone for years, and they must wonder how we have changed."

Ansh, who had overheard them, walked up, curiosity in his young eyes. "Why don't they come here, Papa? We have everything—oxygen domes, food, Moon-ites who help us."

Aryan ruffled his son's hair. "It's not just about comfort, beta. It's about belonging. They belong to Earth, just like we are slowly belonging here. The air, the soil, the memories—everything ties them to that world. And even if they came here, they wouldn't feel at home."

Avni, who had been quietly listening, added thoughtfully, "Maybe they are afraid. Afraid of losing what makes them feel human. The Moon... it's peaceful, but it's also unsettling. Too much silence. Too much stillness."

Meera nodded. "Even I feel it sometimes. It's like the whole Moon is in deep meditation, and we are intruding."

### **The Rising Need for Oxygenated Domes**

Their conversation was interrupted by a call from the lunar administration. Aryan picked up the communicator, and a familiar voice crackled through.

"Dr.Verma, we have a problem. More and more Moonites are starting to breathe. The oxygen demand is rising, and our dome expansion projects are behind schedule. We need immediate solutions before it gets out of hand."

Aryan exchanged a worried glance with Meera before responding. "Understood. I'll be there soon."

The need for more oxygenated domes was becoming a serious issue. The Moonites, the native beings of this land, had always existed without the need for breathing. But as they interacted with humans, some of them had started learning this biological function.

At first, it was an astonishing discovery—breathless beings suddenly experiencing the sensation of inhaling and exhaling. But with breathing came hunger, thirst, exhaustion—sensations alien to their existence. This was why the lunar settlers had initially limited their direct contact with Moonites. Teaching them to breathe meant changing their very nature, and if too many of them learned, the consequences could be catastrophic.

Terraforming the Moon was still an ongoing plan, but until it was completed, resources were limited. If every Moonite became a breather, the entire colony could collapse under the strain.

### **The Silent Helpers**

Despite this growing crisis, the Moonites had been incredibly helpful to earthly settlers. They had provided rare minerals, built roads, constructed homes, developed food systems, and even assisted in medical research.

But their help was different—it was not given with expectation or obligation. They served with an extreme level of selflessness, as if it was their very nature to do so.

One day, Aryan had asked a Moonite, "Why do you help us so much without asking for anything in return?"

The Moonite had simply replied, "We do not help. We do not give. It simply happens."

Their selflessness was beyond human comprehension. They didn't have hunger, desires, or any personal needs, which made their service purely instinctive—a manifestation of their pure awareness. They were completely satisfied with whatever they had, much like a true Karmayogi.

Yet, many settlers refused to see them as living beings.

"Advanced robots," some argued. "They're just like artificial humanoids on Earth. Either they evolved on their own or were created by some ancient alien civilization that later went extinct."

Others, like Aryan, disagreed. "They're not robots. They evolve, they learn, they feel—but in a way different from us. Their spirituality is untouched by corruption. They are alive, just breathless."

Some colonists even believed the Moonites were the remnants of an old alien war—beings who had survived, while their creators perished. The theories varied, but none could deny one thing—the Moonites were changing.

### **The Dangerous Consequence of Breathing**

As more Moonites learned to breathe, their minds began changing.

One day, a Moonite stumbled into Aryan's lab, confusion evident in his usually calm eyes. "Doctor... something is wrong. There is... an emptiness inside me."

Aryan studied him carefully. "What do you feel?"

The Moonite hesitated before answering. "Something inside... it needs to be filled."

Aryan's heart sank. "That's called hunger."



With hunger came the need for food. With food came the need for resources. And with limited resources came conflict.

The settlers had been so overwhelmed by the Moonites' kindness that, in their gratitude, they had started teaching them how to breathe. But they hadn't foreseen the consequences. If every Moonite started breathing, the Moon would soon face the same struggles as Earth—overpopulation, hunger, inequality, crime, wars.

Meera voiced what they were all thinking. "Are we corrupting them?"

Aryan exhaled heavily. "It's not corruption. It's evolution. But the question is—how do we control it before it destroys everything?"

### **A Looming Crisis**

There was an irony in the situation. While some settlers were trying to learn the breathless way of life from the Moonites, many more Moonites were learning breathing from humans. The balance was tilting dangerously.

Avni, always perceptive, mused, "Maybe some things should never be taught."

Ansh, still innocent, asked, "But they just want to be like us, right?"

Aryan looked at his son, then back at the Moonites working tirelessly in the distance. "Or maybe we should have wanted to be like them."

He turned to Meera. "We have to find a way to preserve their nature while protecting ours. If we let things continue unchecked, the Moon will soon become another Earth, and all the purity of this place will be lost."

Meera squeezed his hand. "Then we have to act fast, before history repeats itself."

Aryan nodded. The Moonites had prepared for their arrival for millions of years. They had welcomed them with open arms, with nothing but selflessness in their hearts. But now, humanity's presence was altering them. The future was uncertain, and it was up to them to decide whether it would be one of harmony or disaster.

And for the first time, Aryan truly wondered—who was saving whom?



## Chapter 9 – Space Travel Between Earth & Moon

Since this time Aryan was traveling alone, he opted for public transport—a **space bus**—rather than taking his personal space car. It was impractical to carry an entire vehicle for just one person, not to mention uneconomical. The space bus, though not as private, was comfortable, efficient, and offered a quiet time to reflect.

However, when traveling with his family—Meera, Avni, and Ansh—every two to three months, they always preferred their own **space car**. The journey was not just about reaching Earth; it was an adventure in itself. They would take their time, stopping at various **space hotels and floating restaurants** to refresh themselves before continuing ahead.

Every **two to three hours of continuous travel**, they made a stop at one of their **favorite space lounges**—places that had become a part of their routine over time. There, they would sip on **steaming cups of tea or coffee**, enjoy snacks, or have a full meal, depending on the time of the journey. These brief halts were not just about food but also about **relaxation and stretching out** after the long hours of weightless travel.

The **children always loved these breaks**. Stepping into the **artificial gravity gardens** attached to these space hubs, they would run around, playing for a while, marveling at the way gravity could be adjusted to mimic Earth's pull. Aryan and Meera would take slow strolls, enjoying the unique sight of **gardens floating against the backdrop of deep space**, the stars twinkling like diamonds beyond the protective domes.

Each **stay lasted about an hour to an hour and a half**, enough to **refresh, recharge, and prepare for the next leg of the journey**. For them, the journey wasn't merely about getting from one planet to another—it was about **cherishing the experience, savoring the moments of togetherness, and making memories that would last a lifetime**.

### Getting back to the second home

Aryan stepped off the space bus, his feet adjusting to the Moon's artificial gravity field. He had just returned from one of his frequent visits to Earth—a journey that, despite its familiarity, always left him with mixed emotions.

The moment he stepped into the colony, a familiar voice called out.

"Back already?" Meera stood outside their living dome, arms crossed but a smile tugging at the corners of her lips.

"Time flies when you're running between two worlds," Aryan said, setting down his travel case. His suit still carried traces of Earth's air—a scent he had come to miss in the sterilized, processed environment of the Moon.

Before he could take another step, Ansh and Avni came running, their excitement bubbling over.

"What did you bring us?" Ansh asked eagerly, his eyes wide with anticipation.

Aryan chuckled and reached into his bag. For Ansh, he had picked up the latest holographic gaming console, something that had just launched on Earth. For Avni, a delicate bracelet containing real Earth flowers, preserved inside a transparent capsule—something she could wear as a piece of their home planet. Meera received something simple but cherished—a small vial of pure sandalwood oil, its fragrance carrying memories of her childhood.

As they stepped inside, Aryan sank into his chair with a content sigh. "Public transport was fine, but space buses aren't as enjoyable as our trips together. It's just transport—no fun, no adventure."

Meera nodded, reminiscing. "It's different when we travel as a family. Stopping at those space hotels, taking breaks at floating restaurants, drinking tea in orbital gardens... It's not just about getting somewhere, it's about the journey itself."

Aryan smiled. "Exactly. When I'm alone, I just want to reach the Moon as fast as possible. But with you all, the journey becomes something else entirely."

It was true. Every two to three months, when the whole family traveled to Earth, they took their personal space car instead of public transport. Those trips were filled with laughter, music, and the joy of making stops at uniquely designed space hotels and restaurants.

"Remember our last trip?" Avni piped up. "We stopped at that place with floating gardens and zero-gravity swings!"

Ansh grinned. "And that restaurant where food floated in mid-air until you caught it!"

Aryan laughed. "Yes! That place was something else. And remember how we used to take breaks every couple of hours? Stopping at our favorite restaurants, sipping tea while walking in their green parks... It's those little things that make a journey memorable."

Meera sighed. "I wish we had more time for such trips. Lately, everything seems to be changing too fast."

Aryan followed her gaze out of the window. The Earth hung in the sky, its blue glow ever-present, but here on the Moon, a new world was forming. Something was shifting—both in their colony and in the hearts of those who had made the Moon their home.

### **The Rise of Worship on the Moon**

The Moonites, breathless and selfless, had long served the earthly settlers without expecting anything in return. Their pure awareness and detached compassion made them different from humans. Yet, a silent but powerful force was driving them toward change—breathing.

Breathing was an external flashing chasm, a tempting transformation. Unlike the breathless state, which was eternal yet subtle, breathing had an undeniable charm—an immediate, transient pleasure. More and more Moonites were learning to breathe, drawn to the experience like moths to a flame. The problem was clear: if their numbers increased beyond control, the Moon's resources would collapse before terraforming was complete.

A radical solution emerged—one that no one had anticipated. The settlers began **worshipping** the Moonites.

It started subtly. The colonists realized that if they saw the Moonites as pitiful beings, they would instinctively try to "help" them—teaching them to breathe, feeding them, integrating them into human society. But if they elevated them, if they considered them sacred, it would remove the idea of inferiority. The Moonites themselves would no longer feel "lesser."

Thus began the **Vedic Yuga on the Moon**.

Temples were built. Elaborate idol worship started. Moonites, whose presence was once unnoticed, were now revered as divine entities. The settlers invited scholars from Earth—Vedic pundits who performed **pranapratishta** on the idols, invoking breath within them through sacred rituals.

**“Isn’t it ironic?”** Meera had once laughed. **“On Earth, humans pray to idols, breathing life into them through faith. And here, we are performing rituals for actual living beings who don’t breathe!”**

Aryan saw the deeper wisdom behind this shift. It was a psychological and spiritual strategy. By treating Moonites as **more** than human rather than less, they subtly discouraged their desire to change. Even in a sense, it was true, for they were pure awareness. A Moonite, now revered as divine, had no reason to crave the ordinary pleasures of breath, food, and attachment.

### **Jyotish&The Cosmic Balance**

This transformation wasn’t just religious—it extended into the realm of celestial sciences.

**Jyotish (Vedic astrology) flourished on the Moon.** The settlers observed that reading celestial bodies in the morning expanded prana, mixing it with apana, binding individuals deeper into the cycles of karma and existence. JyotishShashtra had always proclaimed that planetary alignments influenced destiny, and now, on the Moon, it was more evident than ever.

Modern astronomy, too, was evolving rapidly. The settlers studied not just the Moon and Earth but the **entire cosmos**, looking for greater truths hidden in the fabric of space. This obsession wasn’t without reason—understanding celestial mechanics was another way to **control prana flow** and balance the increasing presence of breathers.

Aryan found it both fascinating and ironic. The deeper humans went into space, the more they returned to the wisdom of the ancients. The more they sought the future, the more they rediscovered the past.

### **Exploitation &The Looming Revolt**

Despite all these developments, one undeniable fact remained: Earth was **exploiting the Moon at an alarming rate**. The settlers took and took, never thinking of consequences.

The Moonites’ **selflessness was not a lack of awareness**. They weren’t ignorant of what was happening. Their detachment and desireless nature did not mean they had no instinct to **preserve their existence**.

Their patience was vast—far greater than that of any breathing beings. But patience had limits.

Aryan had seen it before in history. Societies that took too much without giving back always faced backlash. Colonization, resource extraction, oppression—these things had played out countless times on Earth. Now, history was repeating itself on the Moon.

While pondering these lingering thoughts for weeks, **“A revolt will come one day,”** Aryan whispered to himself as he boarded the spacecraft for his next visit to Earth. **“Not today, not tomorrow. But one day.”**

The journey back to Earth was smooth. Space travel had come a long way since the early days of lunar colonization. Ships now used **gravitational sling-shots** and **antimatter bursts** to reduce travel time, making the trip in mere hours instead of days.

As Aryan settled into his seat, he found himself staring at Earth again, that ever-familiar blue sphere.

It was his home. Yet, the Moon had changed him. He no longer belonged entirely to Earth.

Would there come a day when he would look at Earth and feel like an outsider?

Would the Moonites ever look at humans and see them as **intruders** rather than guests?

He closed his eyes. The answers lay in the future. And the future was coming fast.

## Chapter 10: Grandfather's Wish & His Spiritual Realization

Aryan and Meera were walking along the silent pathways of **Lunar University**, the **gentle blue glow of Earth** casting a surreal light over the lunar surface. The night was endless here, timeless. Yet, within Aryan's mind, memories flowed like an unbroken stream, pulling him into the past.

He had received the news long ago—his grandfather had passed away on Earth. But he hadn't been there. **His training schedule had kept him here, on the Moon**, unable to return in time. Even now, the thought gnawed at him, leaving a strange emptiness.

But was his grandfather truly gone?

### The Spiritual Priest Who Walked His Own Path

Aryan was raised in a Vedic Brahmin family, yet he was a realized Tantric who had awakened both his Ajna Chakra, represented by bijmantra *Sham* of *Sharma*, and his Swadhishtan Chakra, represented by bijmantra *Vam* that seems aligning with the word *Verma*. For this reason, he embraced both surnames as his own. Moreover, he naturally mingled with people from all sections of society, breaking conventional barriers with ease.

**"But he commonly used the surname Verma, as he had ascended to the Ajna Chakra through the Swadhishtan Chakra, rather than directly."**

Along with, Aryan's grandfather had been a **self-made Brahmarishi**, much like **Vishwamitra**—not by birth, but through sheer **self-effort and karma**. He was a **spiritual priest**, performing yajnas and rituals, but unlike the orthodox elite, his heart always beat for the **downtrodden**.

*"KrinvantoVishvamAryam,"* he would often say. *"Make the whole world noble. But how? By lifting those who are at the bottom first."*

Most of his **yajmanas** were the poor, the neglected, the socially discarded. But he never cared for status. To him, **everyone was a soul on their journey**, and he treated them with the same love and respect.

He never used **emotional blackmail**, something Aryan had seen in so many traditional families. Some elders manipulated their children, family, relatives, lovers and even other common people through guilt, but **his grandfather never did**. "Emotional blackmail, not just within families but even in public life, where those in higher positions manipulate and pressure those below them." He didn't impose his will—he simply guided, **even sought guidance without any ego from whoever was available—poor or rich, elder or younger—valuing wisdom over status**.

*"Each person grows at their own pace,"* he once told Aryan. *"You don't force a bud to bloom. You give it sunlight, water, and patience."*

And yet, he wasn't a detached saint. He deeply **valued family** and was always present for them. He was selflessly dedicated to his family. But he had a



unique **balance—he embraced the modern world while never losing his ancient wisdom.**

### **His First Journey to the Moon**

Aryan smiled to himself as he recalled one more **old memory.**

His grandfather had once **visited the Moon with his grandmother** when Aryan was still a student here. It was a short trip, but an unforgettable one.

His grandmother, who had **never even flown in an airplane**, had been absolutely stunned during space travel.

*“Hai Ram! We are floating!”* she had gasped, gripping the seat tightly in the **zero-gravity cabin of the space bus.**

His grandfather, on the other hand, had been **calm, fascinated, and deeply introspective.**

*“Look at this silence,”* he had murmured, staring at the vast emptiness outside the window. *“This is the peace that sages seek in deep meditation.”*

For those few days, she had **explored the lunar surface** with him. His grandmother, always the traditional homemaker, was **more worried about food than anything else.**

*“Beta, what do you even eat here? How do you digest this artificial food?”*

His grandfather, however, had been **intrigued by the Moonites**—the ancient, breathless beings who lived here. He had spent hours **observing their ways, meditating among them.**

### **Why He Loved the Moon**

During his **longer stay at Lunar University** initially during Aryan’s settling days, his grandfather had started feeling **a strange connection to the Moon.**

*“I would love to settle here,”* he had once told Aryan. *“Maybe buy a small rice field and live in peace.”*

Aryan had laughed. *“Rice fields on the Moon? Grandfather, that’s impossible.”*

But his grandfather had smiled. *“The impossible is only what we haven’t yet understood.”*

The Moon had a **special kind of peace, a spiritual silence** unlike anything found on Earth. It was also home to **great karmayogis and spiritual seekers**, beings who had **transcended the cycle of breath.**

His grandfather had always been **fond of breathless practices—pranayama, deep meditation, kriya yoga.** Perhaps that was why he resonated with the **eternal non-breathers** of the Moon.

Here, there were two kinds of Moonites:

1. **The Eternal Non-Breathers** – They had transcended breath **forever.** They were like the limitless sky—unaffected by the cycle of life and death.
2. **The Subtle Breathers** – They had stopped breathing, but the **impression of breath still lingered in their subconscious.** Even in silence, they were not fully free.

His grandfather had once told him:

*"Even when breath stops, its memory remains. True liberation is beyond both breathing and non-breathing."*

Maybe that was why he **loved the Moon so much**—because it reflected his own spiritual journey.

### **A Man of Action, A True Karmayogi**

Despite his spiritual depth, his grandfather was **not a passive mystic**. He believed in **karma yoga—action with detachment**. He never wasted time.

*"One who never sits idle lives a hundred years,"* he would often say, quoting the Vedas.

Yet, he **did not reach a hundred**. His body, weakened by **years of austerity and self-neglect**, had failed him. He never cared much about **nutrition, rest, or personal comfort**.

But in his passing, he left behind **something greater than years—he left behind wisdom**.

### **The Moonites and the Illusion of Separation**

As Aryan strolled across the lunar landscape, a peculiar thought crossed his mind. The Moon had always been the land of the non-breathing moonites—eternal beings who existed beyond the realm of breath and survival instincts. They needed nothing, desired nothing, and were unaffected by space, time, or the conditions of any planet. Unlike the breathers, who required air and sustenance, these beings could live anywhere in the cosmos, yet they always chose the Moon as their home.

But things had changed. With the rise of artificial oxygen domes, breathing moonites had started appearing on the Moon. Technically, they weren't true moonites—at least not in the traditional sense. They were visitors from planets rich in oxygen, where life depended on the constant rhythm of breath. Yet, drawn by the Moon's mysticism and the wisdom of the non-breathing beings, they had begun to settle here, adapting to an existence that was foreign to their nature. However, later on many native moonites had also learned breathing from those settlers.

Of course, some non-breathing moonites, those with a deep craving for breath, and not getting a chance to learn from settlers would often embark on long journeys through space in their super-advanced vehicles, seeking out oxygen-rich worlds. No distance was too great for them, no star too far. They wandered across the cosmos, tasting the thrill of breath, only to return home—again and again—to the Moon, their eternal sanctuary.

And then there were those who had never breathed at all. Beings so deeply entrenched in their non-breathing state that they were completely beyond the pull of breath's illusions. They were like the endless sky—undivided, unaffected. The breathers, in comparison, were like fleeting patterns in the clouds, appearing and disappearing, but never truly separate from the vastness that contained them.

*"Just as the sky appears divided when seen through a grill, yet remains whole, so too is the illusion of separation among beings",* once his grandfather had told him.

Aryan chuckled to himself. If anyone else had been listening to his thoughts, they might have dismissed them as absurd. But here, on the Moon, where the boundaries between the material and the mystical blurred, such reflections felt completely natural.

His grandfather had always pondered these mysteries. And now, standing on this **silent lunar plain**, Aryan felt closer to those truths than ever before.

### **Meera's Awakening**

*"Aryan?"*

A gentle voice pulled him out of his thoughts. Meera was standing beside him, looking at him with concern.

*"You've been lost in thought for a while,"* she said.

Aryan exhaled slowly.

*"I was just remembering Grandfather."*

Meera nodded. **She had just woken from a strange dream**—a dream where she had relived their past, their time on Earth, his grandfather's visit to the Moon, his wisdom, his humor.

*"I saw him,"* she whispered. *"Smiling at us. As if... he never left."*

Aryan turned to look at her, then at the endless lunar horizon.

Perhaps, in some way, his grandfather had never truly left.

Not on Earth. Not on the Moon.

But in the **eternal silence that existed beyond both**.

### **Wisdom Beyond Loss: Grandfather's Journey from Struggle to Spiritual Riches**

As Aryan shook off the remnants of his deep thoughts, he and Meera continued strolling through the serene lunar landscape near the university. The silver-hued terrain stretched endlessly under the soft glow of artificial domes, casting

ethereal reflections on the smooth, cratered ground. A gentle hush prevailed, broken only by the rhythmic sound of their footsteps and the occasional distant hum of a passing lunar transport. Above them, the cosmos shimmered with a clarity unseen on Earth, each star appearing like a guiding beacon in the boundless void. The tranquility of the moon, untouched by the chaos of Earthly life, made it the perfect place for contemplation—a silent monastery in the vast temple of the universe.

Meera looked intrigued. “Interesting,” she said. Then, without pause, she asked, “Didn’t your grandpa once renounce a government job offer?”

Aryan nodded. “Yes. He had proudly said, *‘I would rather employ servants than become one.’* He wasn’t against work, but he had a different idea of dignity. He wanted to live on his own terms.”

“But after the **Mujayra Act**, most of his land went to the cultivating laborers, right?”

“Yes, and that changed everything. With most of his land gone, he had to work hard just to sustain the family. Religious work and farming became his only sources of livelihood. Some saw that phase as his ‘strict era’ because he had to be tough to keep things running. But it wasn’t strictness—it was helplessness. I was too young then, so I don’t remember much of that struggle.”

Meera glanced at him thoughtfully. “But when you grew up, he was different?”

Aryan smiled. “Completely. By the time I was old enough to understand him, he had changed into someone almost ascetic. He had no complaints, no regrets—just a quiet wisdom. He would spend hours reading the *Puranas* to my great-grandmother.”

“She was very old, wasn’t she? Did she still understand those stories?”

“Oh, more than anyone else. She used to say, *‘No matter how old you get, the heart still longs for stories of gods and warriors. They remind us of who we are.’*”

Meera’s lips curled into a smile. “And your grandfather? What did he say?”

“He believed he had gained far more than he had lost. He used to say, *‘What I lost in life is nothing compared to what I have gained through these scriptures.’* He thought everyone should read them—not just as stories, but as a way to understand life itself”.

**“He recognized that awakening within me and was overjoyed, seeing it as a fruition of the deep spiritual environment he had nurtured at home, mainly frequent reading and listening to puranas daily “.**

**"In the later part of his life, he also felt a sense of repentance for having lived under the constraints of higher orthodoxy, realizing that he had let go of many opportunities that could have helped him grow—mainly living away throughout the majority of his life from those Puranas and scriptures, which were full of insights that aid in all-round development. That's why he once said to me during my university days, when I was among gruesome cosmic creatures, "Mix among and adapt to those you fear, while always keeping your vision fixed on your true nature."**

Meera nodded. "That explains why he was always so calm. Even when life wasn't kind, he had something unshakable inside him."

Aryan looked up at the endless sky of the moon, his mind still lingering in the past. "Yes," he said softly. "That's exactly why."

## **Part 3: Adventures and Challenges in Space Travel**

### **Chapter 11: Festivals and the Space Traffic Jams**

Dr. Aryan Verma sat by the large observation window of their lunar home, watching Earth shimmer like a divine lamp in the vast darkness. The sight always struck him with a mix of nostalgia and reverence. Tonight, it looked even more radiant—the glow of Diwali celebrations illuminating the continents, a dazzling web of golden lights flickering like countless diyas.

But the festival's grandeur wasn't just limited to Earth. Out here, in the ever-expanding frontier of space travel, Diwali had brought its own kind of chaos. The commercial spaceports were packed with travelers from Mars, Venus, and the asteroid colonies, all eager to return to Earth to celebrate with their families. The result? The biggest space traffic jam in history.

"Another delay?" Meera asked, placing a warm cup of herbal tea beside Aryan.

He nodded, rubbing his temples. "Third time today. The shuttle from Mars was supposed to dock at Luna Station two hours ago, but it's still in a holding pattern. Too many crafts, too few docking bays."

Meera chuckled. "Who would've thought Diwali traffic would become a problem in space too?"

Aryan smiled, but his thoughts were elsewhere. His grandfather's words from their last conversation still lingered in his mind—the old man's spiritual realization had stirred something deep within him. "Aryan," he had said, "the vastness you see above is no different from the vastness within. The true journey is always inward."

His grandfather had passed away shortly after, leaving behind an inexplicable void. And yet, Aryan felt his presence more than ever, as if the old man's essence had dissolved into the cosmic expanse.

Just then, a loud thud echoed through their habitat. Avni and Ansh, who had been decorating their living space with floating lanterns, ran in excitedly.

"Papa! An asteroid just hit the outer shield!" Ansh exclaimed, his eyes wide with excitement.

Aryan frowned. "Are you sure it was an asteroid?"

"I don't think so," Avni said, glancing at the surveillance console. "It looked like a space pod... but an old one, not one of the commercial ones we see these days."

Aryan's pulse quickened. Unidentified pods near lunar habitats were rare, but not unheard of. Sometimes, rogue explorers or forgotten AI crafts from the early days of space colonization drifted into orbit. But something about this felt... different.

Meera tapped into the security feed, and the holographic display revealed the pod—a small, battered-looking craft with markings in a language Aryan couldn't immediately recognize.

"Looks ancient," Meera murmured. "And it's just... sitting there, like it was meant to reach us."

For a moment, a strange silence settled between them. Then Aryan made up his mind. "We need to check it out."

Within minutes, Aryan and Avni suited up and stepped out onto the lunar surface. The pod sat half-buried in the dust, its metal casing dented and worn, as if it had traveled across centuries. Aryan ran his gloved fingers over the markings.

"Looks like... Sanskrit?" Avni whispered, puzzled.

Aryan's heart skipped a beat. The symbols were not just Sanskrit but an ancient form, reminiscent of inscriptions found in prehistoric temples on Earth. How had they ended up on a derelict space pod?

With careful precision, Aryan activated the pod's outer hatch. A low hum resonated through the metal, and the door creaked open. Inside, there was no pilot. Only a small, intricately carved wooden box sat in the center.

Aryan exchanged a look with Avni before reaching for it. As his fingers made contact, a strange warmth pulsed through his hand—a feeling not of heat, but of something... alive.

Slowly, he opened the box. Inside lay a single manuscript, its pages glowing faintly under the lunar light.

"Papa... what is this?" Avni whispered.

Aryan's breath caught. The text was unmistakable—ancient yogic scriptures, but with diagrams unlike any he had ever seen. They depicted not just the chakras and energy pathways but an intricate map of consciousness that extended beyond the body, linking to celestial grids.

It was as if the document detailed not just spiritual ascension, but interstellar navigation through inner dimensions.

Back inside their habitat, Aryan carefully placed the manuscript on the table. Meera, now deeply intrigued, ran her fingers over the aged pages. "This explains something I read years ago," she murmured. "Some ancient mystics believed that enlightened beings didn't just transcend the mind but could travel beyond Earth... not through technology, but through consciousness itself."

Aryan nodded slowly, his mind racing. "Could it be that ancient rishis had already mapped interstellar travel—through the power of their own awareness?"

Ansh, who had been quietly listening, suddenly piped up. "So... maybe space isn't just physical. Maybe there are highways in our minds too!"

Aryan ruffled his son's hair, smiling. "You might not be wrong, Ansh."

A thought occurred to him. His grandfather's last words—"The true journey is always inward." Could this be what he meant? That humanity's real space travel wasn't through metal ships, but through unlocking deeper dimensions of existence?

A message alert beeped, interrupting his thoughts. Meera glanced at the screen and laughed.

"The Mars shuttle is finally cleared for landing."

Aryan chuckled. "Looks like the space traffic jam is over."

But in his heart, he knew that the real journey—the one that had just begun—was far beyond any traffic delays. It was a journey into the very fabric of existence itself.



And perhaps, just perhaps, the answers had been waiting for humanity all along, hidden in the wisdom of those who had walked the path long before rockets ever touched the sky.

As the shuttle carrying Mars passengers finally docked at Luna Station, the congestion in the space lanes began to ease. The announcements blaring over the intercom signaled clearance for private space vehicles, including Aryan Verma's personal spacecraft, *IndraVimana*.

"Finally, it's our turn," Aryan sighed, glancing at Meera, who was busy securing their luggage.

Avni, barely able to contain her excitement, grinned. "I can't believe we're going home for Diwali! Real diyas, real fireworks, real sweets—"

"Real traffic jams," Ansh muttered, rolling his eyes. "Even in space."

Aryan chuckled as he powered up the *IndraVimana*. Unlike public space shuttles, which followed strict scheduled routes, their private cruiser gave them the freedom to travel at their own pace. The streamlined craft, equipped with the latest gravity stabilizers and panoramic observation panels, felt less like a spaceship and more like a home gliding through the cosmos.

As the docking bay doors slid open, Aryan carefully steered the spacecraft into the vastness beyond. The Moon's surface shrank behind them, its silver plains fading into the endless black.

### **The Celestial Highway**

The moment they entered the Earth-bound corridor, the real spectacle began. The traffic was worse than usual, with space yachts, cargo ships, and passenger liners creating a long line of glowing streaks against the void. Even with AI-assisted navigation, maneuvering required skill.

"Looks like everyone had the same idea," Meera observed, watching a convoy of Mars settlers heading toward Earth.

"Yeah, well, Diwali on Mars just isn't the same," Aryan said. "They tried artificial gravity fireworks last year, but half of them exploded sideways."

Avni laughed. "I saw those videos. Imagine a rocket zooming past your ear instead of the sky."

Ansh tapped on the control panel, zooming in on a glowing mass ahead. "What's that?"

Aryan checked the data feed. "Looks like an asteroid belt is shifting near the corridor. Space authorities must've rerouted some ships, causing the delay."

Meera sighed. "Even the universe has traffic jams."

Despite the congestion, the journey was breathtaking. As they cruised through the solar wind streams, the *IndraVimana* passed by celestial wonders—brilliant auroras shimmering on the edges of the magnetosphere, a meteor shower trailing luminous streaks, and even a rare sighting of an interstellar comet, its icy tail stretching for miles.

For a while, everyone sat in awe, soaking in the cosmic beauty.

"This," Aryan whispered, "is why I never get tired of space."

Meera rested her head against his shoulder. "And yet, we're traveling all this way to celebrate something so simple—light in the darkness."

Aryan smiled. "Maybe that's the whole point."

### **Diwali on Earth – A Homecoming Like No Other**

As they entered Earth's atmosphere, the festival greeted them before they even touched down. The entire subcontinent was alight with flickering diyas, creating a golden glow visible from space. Even the oceans reflected the shimmer of fire-crackers exploding in the sky.

The *IndraVimana* smoothly descended onto their private landing pad, away from the bustling spaceports. The moment they stepped outside, the warm, fragrant air of India enveloped them—the scent of fresh marigolds, incense, and deep-fried sweets filled the night.

Their family members rushed to greet them, pulling them into tight embraces. Aryan's mother, her eyes brimming with joy, placed a tilak on his forehead.

"You've returned like Lord Rama from exile," she teased.

Aryan chuckled. "More like from the Moon, Ma."

Meera was immediately whisked away by the elders to the kitchen, where preparations for the grand feast were in full swing. Avni and Ansh ran off with their cousins, setting up rows of diyas along the garden pathway.

As night fell, the celebration reached its peak. Fireworks painted the sky in dazzling colors, temple bells echoed in the distance, and the laughter of family filled the air.

Aryan stood on the terrace, watching the glowing lamps sway in the breeze. His father joined him, his face calm yet filled with wisdom.

"You travel across the stars, but don't forget, true light is within," the old man said softly.

Aryan nodded, remembering his grandfather's spiritual realization. Maybe it wasn't just about reaching new worlds—it was about carrying light wherever they went.

### **The Journey Back – A New Perspective**

After days of celebration, it was time to return. The goodbyes were emotional, but there was no sadness—only warmth.

As the *IndraVimana* lifted off, leaving behind the twinkling lights of Diwali, Aryan glanced at his family. They weren't just traveling back to the Moon. They were carrying something far greater—a reminder of home, of love, of the eternal light that guided them through every journey.

And as the stars stretched out before them, he knew one thing for certain—no matter where they went, the festival of light would always live within them.

## Chapter 12 – Space Wars and Political Tensions

The glow of lunar lanterns from the recently concluded festival still flickered in the air, their soft hues blending with the distant shimmer of Earth in the black cosmic sea. Dr. Aryan Verma and his wife Meera strolled through the moonlit corridors of Lunagrad, still reminiscing about the joyous chaos of the festival—the laughter of children, the floating decorations, and, of course, the grand parade that had left the city illuminated with an ethereal glow.

**His arrival on the meditative Moon often marked the beginning of deep reflections on the moments he had cherished on Earth, surrounded by his loved ones.**

But this time, beneath this beauty, an unsettling tension had begun to seep into lunar society. Aryan, a veterinarian turned lunar diplomat, could sense it—like the silent vibrations of an approaching storm. He had received classified whispers of brewing unrest between Earth's governments and the newly formed Lunar Federation. The space highways were no longer just packed with festival-goers; they were now shadowed by military fleets, their dark forms lurking ominously over lunar domes.

Meera, sensing Aryan's silence, gently tugged at his arm. "You're thinking about it, aren't you?"

Aryan nodded, his eyes fixated on the shimmering Earth. "The space lanes are being watched more than ever. The embargoes, the secret military movements—something is about to happen."

Avni and Ansh, their children, ran ahead, their laughter momentarily dissolving the tension. But even they had started to notice the growing changes—ships being detained longer at checkpoints, visitors from Earth being subjected to intense scrutiny, and the increased presence of security personnel even in the educational institutes.

### **A Brewing Conflict**

The tensions had begun subtly—a few political disputes here and there. Earth's governments had always viewed the Lunar Federation as an extension of their dominion. However, as Lunar colonies flourished, self-sustenance had made them independent. They no longer relied on Earth for water, oxygen, or food. The artificial biospheres had made them self-reliant, and with new energy sources discovered in deep lunar craters, the Moon no longer needed to be tethered to its parent planet.

But Earth's corporations and political leaders were unwilling to relinquish control. The Moon was too valuable—its helium-3 reserves, its unique minerals, and most importantly, its strategic location as a gateway to Mars and beyond. Trade negotiations had turned into veiled threats.

Aryan had witnessed one such meeting firsthand.

"The Moon belongs to humanity," declared an Earth ambassador during a recent interplanetary conference. "And by extension, its resources must be shared fairly."

The Lunar representatives, including Aryan, had exchanged knowing glances. Shared fairly? That had always meant Earth taking the lion's share, while the Moon remained a mere outpost.

"The Moon is no longer just a colony," a lunar delegate had countered. "We have our own people, our own governance. We won't be dictated to anymore."

Mars, watching the power struggle from afar, played the mediator's role, but with a hidden agenda of its own. Jupiter, with its enormous corporate syndicates, began backing Earth, fearing the loss of its lucrative trade routes. Meanwhile, Mercury, the silent observer, offered intelligence and technology to the highest bidder.

It was a cosmic chessboard, and the pieces were being moved with careful precision.

### **The First Sparks of War**

One fateful evening, Aryan received an urgent transmission from his friend, Commander Raghav, a high-ranking officer in the Lunar Defense Corps.

"You need to see this," Raghav's voice crackled through Aryan's communicator. "A fleet of Earth's military vessels has been spotted just outside our neutral zone. They are scanning our cargo ships. We might be looking at an imminent blockade."

Aryan's blood ran cold. A blockade meant suffocating lunar trade, cutting off vital resources like spare parts, medicine, and even critical technology.

He rushed to the main observatory, where a live feed from deep-space satellites showed the eerie sight—Earth’s warships floating like silent predators in the void.

Meera, who had followed him, gasped. “They’re really doing it.”

Aryan clenched his fists. “They want to strangle us into submission.”

### **Daily Life in the Shadow of War**

The effects of the blockade rippled through Lunagrad. Supplies grew scarce, prices skyrocketed, and a quiet panic began to spread among the settlers. The once-thriving markets now buzzed with hushed whispers of war, traders unsure if their shipments would ever arrive.

Avni, who had always been curious about politics, questioned Aryan at dinner. “Papa, are we going to be okay?”

Aryan hesitated but nodded reassuringly. “We have to believe in our people. We’ve built this home with our own hands. We won’t let it be taken away.”

Ansh, though younger, sensed the seriousness. “What if they attack?”

Meera interjected, her voice firm. “Then we defend. We are not just moon settlers—we are moonites.”

### **The Battle for Lunar Independence**

As the days passed, the blockade tightened, and soon, the first act of aggression occurred. A lunar cargo vessel, attempting to break through, was fired upon. The ship barely made it back, its hull scorched from laser fire. The news sent shockwaves through the colony.

That was the moment the Lunar Federation knew—they had to fight back.

Advanced lunar warships, sleek and agile, were deployed. Unlike Earth’s bulky fleets, the lunar ships were built for speed and precision, utilizing electromagnetic rail guns and cloaking technology. The first battle in space was swift, calculated, and shocking—Earth had underestimated the Lunar Defense Corps.

Aryan and his family watched the news unfold in real-time. The lunar forces had managed to disable two Earth warships without a single casualty. It was a vic-

tory, but a warning shot had been fired—both sides now knew there was no turning back.

### **The Hidden Hand and a Mystic Revelation**

Amidst the chaos, a mysterious transmission was intercepted. It wasn't from Earth, Mars, or Jupiter. It was from deep space—an unknown entity observing the conflict.

Aryan, ever the seeker of knowledge, found himself drawn to this transmission. The message was cryptic, yet deeply familiar, almost as if it resonated with an ancient knowing inside him.

“Division is illusion. The cosmos is one. The struggle of ownership is the struggle of the ego.”

He stared at the screen, his heart pounding. Who was watching them? And why did it feel like a message meant for him?

### **A Decision That Will Change Everything**

The war was escalating, and Aryan knew that the choices made in the next few days would decide the fate of the Moon forever. He looked at his family—Meera's determined eyes, Avni's curiosity, Ansh's innocence.

Would he take the role of a peacemaker? Or would he stand as a warrior for lunar freedom?

One thing was certain—the journey beyond Earth was no longer just about survival. It was about destiny, evolution, and the unraveling of a cosmic mystery far greater than any of them had imagined.

And so, as the Moon braced for its most defining moment, Aryan Verma found himself at the very heart of it all.

### **When Lord Rama had a war with space Ravana**

Amidst the war-torn chaos, Aryan gazed into the vast lunar sky, its silvery glow casting a serene yet mysterious aura over the Moon's surface, as if whispering an ancient truth waiting to be realized. As he walked along the ridge near the university with Meera, Avni, and Ansh, he recalled an ancient tale that had been passed down for generations—a legend so bizarre, so unfathomable, that it seemed to be pulled from the depths of cosmic history itself.

"There used to be a fearsome entity," Aryan murmured, his voice carrying the weight of mystery. "A space demon known as Space Ravana. Long ago, he descended upon the Moon and seized it as his dominion, turning it into his dark kingdom."

Meera looked at him curiously. "A space demon? You mean like in the Ramayana?"

Aryan nodded. "Yes, but this tale takes a different turn. The Space Ravana was no ordinary being. He wielded unimaginable powers, his knowledge of the cosmos vast, his strength unmatched. He had stolen Lord Rama's wife from Earth and declared himself the supreme ruler of the Moon."

Avni's eyes widened. "But how did Lord Rama even reach the Moon?"

"Through his self-designed cosmic highway," Aryan said, his voice thick with awe. "With the help of extraordinary beings—humans, monkey-like warriors, and even bear-like cosmic creatures—he constructed a grand celestial bridge spanning dimensions, a marvel of cosmic engineering."

Ansh, fascinated, asked, "And then there was a great battle, right?"

Aryan smiled. "Indeed. A battle so fierce that it shook the very fabric of space. Space Ravana's army clashed with Rama's celestial forces, an epic war waged among the stars. But what made this battle truly extraordinary was that it wasn't just fought with weapons—it was fought with mind, breath, and energy."

Meera frowned, intrigued. "What do you mean?"

Aryan looked at her with a knowing smile and replied, "At that time, yogic practices were so advanced that warriors could suspend their breath for months. They could survive without air, food, or water, existing purely on cosmic energy. That was how they made themselves cosmic travelers. The battle was not just physical—it was spiritual, mental, and energetic."

The wind howled through the lunar expanse as if echoing the ancient war cries of that forgotten time. Aryan continued, "Rama, with his unparalleled wisdom and divine power, finally defeated Space Ravana. But instead of destroying him, he transformed him into a godly being, seized the throne and did something



unexpected—he handed it over to the Chandravanshi lineage, the lunar dynasty.”

Avni’s face lit up with wonder. “So that’s how the Moon came to be ruled by them?”

“Yes,” Aryan confirmed. “But the real lesson came afterward. The cosmic battles of the past served as a reminder that power struggles only bring destruction. The great sages of that era realized that true supremacy lies not in war, but in transcendence. They transformed the Moon into a center for meditation and spiritual awakening.”

Meera smiled. “So, in the end, there was peace.”

Aryan nodded. “Yes. And perhaps history is urging us to follow the same path now.”

The group fell silent, gazing at the Moon’s horizon, where the twinkling lights of lunar cities blended with the infinite cosmos beyond. The echoes of ancient battles had long faded, leaving behind a timeless truth—peace, wisdom, and self-mastery were the greatest victories of all.

**The very next day, Aryan found himself standing in the grand negotiation chamber, where the leaders of the Moon and Earth had gathered. With the same passion and clarity, he recounted the ancient tale he had shared with his family the night before, hoping that its wisdom would guide the tense discussions toward peace.** As Aryan’s voice carried through the tense chamber, the echoes of the ancient war between Lord Rama and Space Ravana seemed to come alive in everyone’s minds. The leaders of Earth and Moon, who had been on the brink of all-out destruction, now listened in silent contemplation. This story reminded everyone that the Earth and the Moon were close partners, sharing beliefs that helped reduce tension between them.

Meera, who had been holding her breath, finally spoke. **“Isn’t it ironic?”** she said softly. **“We thought we were waging war for justice, but in reality, we were no different from Space Ravana—consumed by ambition and blinded by conquest.”**

A stillness settled over the war council. The generals of both sides, hardened warriors who had been eager for battle, now glanced at each other uncertainly.

Then, a deep, resonant voice broke the silence. **“If history has taught us anything, it is that war only breeds more war,”** said an aged lunar sage who had

remained quiet until now. His presence was commanding, as if the wisdom of centuries radiated from his being. **“Even Lord Rama did not conquer for power—he restored balance. If we continue this path, we are doomed to fall into the same darkness as Space Ravana.”**

Aryan felt a shiver pass through him. This war had started as a political conflict, but now it was clear that it was something far greater—a battle for the very soul of civilization.

A transmission from Mars came through, the Martian Chancellor’s voice urgent yet hopeful. **“This war is foolishness,”** he said. **“We on Mars have watched in silence, but no longer. If this war continues, it will not be Earth or Moon that wins—it will be ruin that triumphs over all. We propose a ceasefire. A new beginning.”**

The room buzzed with murmurs. The generals of Earth clenched their fists. **“And what do you propose instead? Do we surrender?”** one of them asked, his voice tinged with reluctance.

But Aryan, standing with a newfound conviction, shook his head. **“Not surrender—transformation.”**

He turned to the Moon’s council. **“Both Earth and Moon have been at odds for too long, but what if we built a bridge instead of a battlefield? What if this war could end not in bloodshed, but in wisdom?”**

Silence. The weight of his words settled on the chamber. Then, something unexpected happened.

From outside, the great lunar sky suddenly shimmered with a celestial light. A planetary alignment—so rare that it only occurred once in thousands of years—was unfolding before their very eyes. Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, and even the distant glow of Saturn lined up in perfect harmony.

The lunar sage took a deep breath and closed his eyes. **“It is a sign,”** he whispered. **“The cosmos itself speaks to us.”**

The leaders of both sides, hardened by war but now softened by realization, exchanged glances. Then, one by one, they lowered their weapons, their voices trembling with the weight of history.

A new treaty was signed that day—a pact of peace and cooperation. No longer would Earth and Moon stand as enemies. Instead, trade, knowledge, and even spiritual teachings would be exchanged freely.

As Aryan stepped outside, his family by his side, he looked up at the vast expanse of space. The war that had nearly torn apart civilizations had instead become the catalyst for unity.

**"So, it's over,"** Avni whispered, still awestruck by the celestial display.

Aryan nodded. **"Not just over—something new has begun."**

And in the distance, as the planets aligned in cosmic harmony, the universe itself seemed to smile.

## Chapter 13- Blocked Roads & Space Highway Conditions

Dr. Aryan Verma leaned back in his chair, gazing at the holo-screen in his lunar home. Reports of space highway conditions flashed across the display, painting a grim picture of deteriorating infrastructure, floating debris, and frequent accidents. The aftershocks of the recent political tensions between Earth and the Moon had trickled down to daily life, making space travel an unpredictable and hazardous ordeal.

Meera entered the room, carrying a cup of steaming lunar chai. "Another accident on the space highway?"

Aryan sighed. "Yes, and this one's serious. A cargo transporter collided with an old, abandoned satellite near the Earth-Moon corridor. Three people injured, and the whole route is blocked. It's getting worse every day."

Avni and Ansh, overhearing the conversation, joined in. "Papa, why don't they just clean up the space highways? It's not like they don't have technology for it," Avni questioned.

"They do, beta," Aryan explained, "but politics and bureaucracy slow everything down. Earth is supposed to fund most of the cleanup, but after the recent tensions, they've reduced their contributions. The Moon's government is struggling to maintain basic trade routes, let alone clear decades-old debris."

Ansh frowned. "So it's like potholes on Earth's roads, but in space?"

Aryan chuckled. "Exactly! But here, a single piece of debris can cause catastrophic damage. Imagine if one of those high-speed meteoroids smashes into a passenger shuttle—it's a disaster waiting to happen."

Meera shook her head. "It wasn't like this when we first arrived. I remember smooth rides, well-maintained travel routes, and no constant fear of collisions. Now, every journey feels like an obstacle course."

"You're right," Aryan said, leaning forward. "The problem is the exponential increase in space travel. More people, more vehicles, and no proper management. Jupiter's trade ships, Martian mining convoys, Mercury's research missions—it's all too much for the system to handle."

As Aryan observed the chaotic remnants of forgotten space routes on the holographic screen, a deep realization surfaced within him, carrying the weight of a truth he had long known but rarely pondered deeply. Aryan remembered his Dada Guru's words echoing like a cosmic whisper, "Outer routes can be blocked or destroyed, but the inner path to realization remains untouched—it is not built, it is inherent. Always open, always accessible. Ignore it, and one remains lost despite all travels." As he gazed at the infinite expanse of the cosmos, he felt the truth of those words seep into his being. Space highways crumbled, civilizations rose and fell, yet the journey within remained untouched, eternal. In that moment, he understood—no matter how far one ventured into the galaxies, the only voyage that truly mattered was the one that led inward, beyond time, beyond space, into the unchanging self. But the reality of the moment pulled him back—no matter how eternal the inner journey, the struggles of outer existence demanded attention. The failing highways, the stranded cattle, the suffocating travelers—all were reminders that survival in space was a delicate balance between science and fate."

Just then, Aryan's communicator buzzed. It was his colleague from the veterinary department, Dr. Nair. "Aryan, I need your help urgently! A bio-transport module carrying rare lunar cattle got stuck in a debris storm. One of the animals is injured, and the whole shipment is stranded on the route to Lunar Base 7. If we don't get them out soon, their oxygen supply will run out."

Although one spoon of solidified nano oxygen could last for weeks or even months for a single body as it was a marvel of science. Yet, demand for it was also very high. However, the nano oxygen supplement was not a complete alternative to oxygenated domes. It supported sustenance but not growth, so it was mainly used in emergencies and outdoor activities. Cattle stranded on deteriorating space highways suffered the most, as their oxygen reserves dwindled quickly, leaving their caretakers scrambling for emergency supplies.

Aryan sprang into action. "I'll be there, Nair! Send me the coordinates."

Meera put a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "Be careful. With all this debris and unstable roads, even your rover ride could be risky."

Aryan nodded. "I'll take the reinforced pod. It has an advanced shield. Ansh, Avni, track my route from here. If anything goes wrong, inform the Lunar Transport Authority."

The journey was treacherous. Aryan's pod trembled as he navigated through bumpy, poorly maintained space corridors. The gravitational distortions from nearby celestial bodies added to the challenge, making it feel like driving through an invisible storm. His screen flashed warning signs—floating metallic fragments from an old space battle, chunks of rock from mining blasts, and even an abandoned satellite tumbling dangerously close.

"No wonder accidents are frequent," Aryan muttered. "This is a ticking time bomb."

After a tense ride, he finally reached the stranded module. The cattle inside were restless, their bio-suits covered in micro-punctures from debris impacts. One of them, a rare genetically modified breed, was bleeding. Aryan wasted no time, applying a specialized space-grade healing gel to stop the bleeding while helping the transport crew restart their engines.

"You're a lifesaver, Aryan!" Nair exclaimed as the module powered up again.

"Just doing my job," Aryan replied, still scanning the route ahead. "But we need a long-term solution. If this keeps up, not just animals, but people will start losing their lives in these unpredictable conditions."

Back home, Avni and Ansh eagerly awaited his return. The moment Aryan walked in, Ansh blurted out, "Papa, there was a holo-news update! Some scientists are proposing an AI-controlled cleanup crew for space highways. They say smart drones could clear debris and even fix broken routes."

Aryan smiled. "That's a brilliant idea. But let's see how long it takes for governments to agree. Meanwhile, we need to adapt and survive."

Meera handed him another cup of chai. "And maybe write to the Lunar Council? After all, people listen to veterinarians more than politicians these days."

They all laughed, but deep inside, Aryan knew that space travel was at a critical turning point. Either they found a way to restore order, or the space highways would become impassable, turning the dream of interplanetary travel into a nightmare. The battle wasn't just against debris; it was against time, bureaucracy, and the unpredictable chaos of the universe.

## chapter 14- A Space Pilgrimage

As the lunar dawn cast its ethereal glow over Tranquility Base, Dr. Aryan Verma gazed out of the observation deck, the vast expanse of space stretching infinitely before him. The recent chaos surrounding the blocked space highways had been a stark reminder of the unpredictability of life beyond Earth. Yet, amidst all the challenges, a deep stirring within urged him to embark on a different kind of journey—not one of mere distance, but of the soul.

Seated beside him, Meera sensed his introspection. “Penny for your thoughts?” she asked, her voice gentle.

Aryan smiled faintly. “Do you remember the stories my grandparents used to tell about the four great pilgrimage sites scattered across the Milky Way?”

Meera nodded, her eyes reflecting the soft luminescence of the stars. “The Galactic Char Dham,” she murmured. “Places of profound spiritual energy, each located at the cardinal points of our galaxy.”

“Yes,” Aryan affirmed. “As a child, I was carried to these sacred sites by my family. Though I was too young to comprehend their full significance, the serene and mystical environments left an indelible imprint on my consciousness. Completing this pilgrimage was considered highly auspicious, and those who undertook it were deeply respected—even revered. The spiritual energy of these places propelled me, at a subconscious level, onto the path of self-inquiry. I became self-led in my quest to find answers to the most sacred and mystical questions of the soul.”

Avni, their ever-curious daughter, looked up from her holo-book. “Papa, can you tell us about these places? I’ve read snippets, but I’d love to hear it from you.”

Aryan’s gaze softened as he began, “The first of these sacred sites is Mount Kailash on Earth. Revered across multiple religions, it is believed to be the abode of Lord Shiva. Pilgrims undertake the arduous journey to circumambulate the mountain, seeking spiritual enlightenment and purification. The journey is challenging, but the serenity and sanctity of the place offer profound peace.”

Ansh, with a mischievous glint in his eye, quipped, “So, it’s like the ultimate hiking trip with a spiritual bonus?”

Meera chuckled. "In a way, yes. But it's less about the hike and more about the inner transformation."

Aryan continued, "The second site is Santiago de Compostela on Earth. It marks the end of the Camino de Santiago, a vast network of pilgrim routes leading to the shrine of Saint James. Pilgrims from around the world walk these paths, seeking personal reflection and spiritual growth. The sense of community and shared purpose along the way is truly transformative."

Avni mused, "Walking such long distances must be tough. But I guess the journey itself becomes a meditation."

"Exactly," Aryan replied. "The third site is the Char Dham in India, comprising four sacred destinations: Badrinath, Dwarka, Puri, and Rameswaram. Each holds its own significance, and undertaking a pilgrimage to all four is believed to help achieve moksha, or liberation. The diverse landscapes and cultural richness encountered during this journey add to its profound impact."

Ansh leaned forward. "And the fourth?"

Aryan's eyes twinkled with mystery. "Ah, the fourth is unique. It's not on Earth but on a distant exoplanet named Manasarovar Prime, located in the Andromeda sector. Discovered during the early days of interstellar travel, explorers were astonished to find a lake mirroring Earth's Lake Manasarovar. The planet exudes an inexplicable spiritual energy, drawing seekers from across the galaxy. Pilgrims believe that meditating by its shores brings unparalleled clarity and enlightenment."

Meera raised an eyebrow. "A pilgrimage site beyond Earth? That's fascinating. But why hasn't it been colonized?"

Aryan sighed. "That's where things get even more mysterious. Settlers have tried, but none have been able to stay. It's said that an unseen force compels outsiders to leave after a short stay, as if the planet itself rejects prolonged habitation. Some believe it is divine intervention, ensuring that Manasarovar Prime remains purely a place of pilgrimage rather than settlement. Others think it has to do with the planet's extreme cold, which makes long-term survival impossible without extensive infrastructure."

Avni shivered slightly. "So people can only go there for short visits?"



"Exactly," Aryan confirmed. "Pilgrims travel to Manasarovar Prime only for brief meditative retreats. The journey itself is rare, with space travel to the planet highly restricted due to its hazardous location. The space roads leading there are narrow and fraught with dangers—meteoroid storms, gravitational distortions, and unpredictable cosmic radiation make navigation extremely difficult."

Ansh, always excited by the mechanics of space travel, asked, "Are there even regular space buses going there?"

Aryan chuckled. "Back in the early days, space buses were slow, inefficient, and far from comfortable. Pilgrims had to endure grueling journeys, often waiting for years due to the long booking queues. Even today, despite advances in space travel, access is still limited. The intergalactic authorities regulate travel to ensure that only the most dedicated pilgrims make the journey."

Meera shook her head in amazement. "So, it's a place that calls to seekers but refuses to be claimed. That makes it even more special."

Aryan placed a reassuring hand on his son's shoulder. "Whether we traverse the stars or delve into the depths of our own souls, the essence of pilgrimage remains the same—to seek, to learn, and to grow."

As the family sat in contemplative silence, the vastness of space seemed to echo their inner reflections. The journey ahead was uncertain, but with hearts attuned to the whispers of the universe, they felt prepared to embrace whatever lay beyond the stars.

## Part 4: Spiritual Awakening & Self-Discovery

### Chapter 15- Cosmic Energy & Awakening Experiences

Dr. Aryan Verma gazed out of the Moonbase observatory, watching the endless void of space stretch beyond the gray, barren surface of the Moon. He had returned alone this time, leaving his wife Meera and daughter Avni on Earth to tend to a sick family member. His son, Ansh, had stayed with him, his curiosity about space and life beyond Earth growing with each passing day.

The low gravity had always intrigued Aryan. It was as if his body had shed the burdens of Earthly existence, allowing his mind to expand, to reach beyond the confines of physical limitations. It made meditation easier, more fluid, almost as if the very fabric of the cosmos was guiding him into deeper states of awareness.

Tonight, as he closed his eyes in the solitude of his chamber, something extraordinary happened. His breath slowed, his thoughts dissolved, and he felt himself merging into the infinite. The observer, the observed, and the act of observation became one. A surge of energy coursed through him, lifting his consciousness beyond the mundane into a realm of pure existence. It was a moment of unshakable unity, an immersion in cosmic consciousness, where bliss and oneness were absolute. That experience felt like an entry into Nirvikalpa Samadhi.

Ansh, always inquisitive, had been watching his father's strange demeanor over the past few days. Finally, unable to contain his curiosity, he asked, "Papa, you seem... different since you came back from Earth. You spend so much time just sitting and staring into space. What are you thinking?"

Aryan smiled and ruffled his son's hair. "Ansh, have you ever felt like you're part of something much bigger? Like when you stare at the stars and feel like they're calling to you?"

Ansh nodded eagerly. "Sometimes, when I look at the stars, I feel like I'm floating with them. But then I blink, and I'm back here."

"That's exactly it," Aryan said. "Imagine if you didn't blink. Imagine if that feeling of floating with the stars lasted forever. That's what I experience sometimes—like I'm not just looking at the universe, but I *am* the universe."

Ansh's eyes widened. "That sounds amazing! But also kind of scary. What if you get lost in it?"

Aryan chuckled. "That's a good question. Long ago, I might have been afraid of losing myself. But now I understand—it's not about losing myself; it's about finding something much greater."

As Aryan spoke, his thoughts drifted to the past, to moments when his relationship with Meera had been on the verge of breaking, even before marriage and a few times afterward. He had once thought love was fragile, fleeting, something that could be lost with a single misstep. But now, after years of shared experiences, joys, and struggles, their bond had not only survived but transformed into something deeper. The same relationship that had once been a source of turmoil was now blooming into an awakening.

He had always sought enlightenment in solitude, in silence. But what if enlightenment wasn't just about isolation and meditation? What if true awakening was found in love, in connection, in embracing the imperfections of life? His journey had been one of seeking, of struggling to balance his scientific mind with his growing spiritual awareness. Yet, here he was, standing on the Moon, feeling more connected than ever—not just to the stars, but to his family, to his own heart.

His experiences on Earth flashed before him—the moment at a family gathering when the presence of a well-wishing relative had triggered an intense awakening. He had felt an overwhelming surge of energy, a pressure inside his head that was not painful but expansive. It was as if his consciousness was being stretched, transformed into a swirling river of light, flowing beyond the confines of his brain. The sensation had been so intense that for a few moments, he had lost all sense of personal identity. He had become pure awareness, a consciousness whirl spinning through infinity. The observer, the observed, and the observation had all merged into one, accompanied by a feeling of ultimate bliss, oneness, and egolessness. He no longer felt separate from the trees, mountains, valleys, sun, people, or anything else; rather, all appeared as inseparable waves within the infinite ocean of consciousness. These words were merely hints and could never truly describe that, for that was entirely experiential. That experience felt like an entry into Savikalpa Samadhi.

And now, on the Moon, he was feeling it again. But this time, there was no fear. There was only acceptance.

Ansh tugged at his sleeve. "Papa, will I ever feel what you feel?"

Aryan knelt to his son's level. "One day, maybe. But you don't have to rush. Just keep your heart open, keep questioning, keep wondering. The universe has its way of revealing itself to those who are ready."

Ansh smiled, satisfied with the answer, though his mind was already buzzing with a million more questions.

As they walked back into the Moonbase, Aryan felt an overwhelming gratitude. For the stars. For his journey. For his family. And for the great mystery that continued to unfold before him.

## Chapter 16- Dream Visitations & Messages from the Beyond

Dr. Aryan Verma sat on the moon's rocky surface, gazing at the vast cosmic canvas stretched infinitely before him. It was a night unlike any other. The stillness around him carried an unspeakable depth, an invitation into something beyond time and space. Little did he know, this night would open the gates to the unknown.

Two years had passed since his grandmother left her earthly form. Her departure had been bittersweet, shrouded in both sorrow and cosmic mystery. He recalled the helplessness of not being able to visit her frequently during her final days. The long travel distance between Earth and the moon had been an obstacle too vast to cross at will. His uncles and parents had cared for her well, but Aryan couldn't be by her side when she was still fully conscious. The circumstances of his last visit remained etched in his memory.

On the night she passed, he and his family had been en route to Earth, but a violent space storm forced them to seek refuge at the space house of a relative—a space railway employee working on the interstellar transit routes. The raging cosmic winds and meteor showers had made travel impossible. Even their space car, with its advanced shielding, could have been torn apart in the chaos. Heavy rains of liquefied nitrogen threatened space highways, and potential landslides on floating asteroids could have made passage lethal. They had no choice but to wait till morning.

As dawn broke, the space courier arrived with an unexpected parcel—a sacred offering from a space pilgrim, a packet of holy rice grains infused with cosmic blessings. It was a divine coincidence, meant for those on the verge of leaving their physical forms, a final gift for their journey beyond. Aryan rushed with his family to his grandmother's bedside and carefully placed the grains into her mouth. She tried to murmur something, her eyes searching for him with longing, but words failed her. Tears rolled down her frail cheeks as she tried to convey something profound. Within a few hours, she took her last breath.

Ten days later, she came to him. It was because he already had a heightened awareness, allowing him to perceive the subtle world with ease due to his recent awakening.

In his dream, an ethereal darkness surrounded him—not the absence of light, but a sentient void glowing with an enigmatic luminescence, like stardust shimmering in the depths of nothingness. It was familiar, yet otherworldly. Within

this vastness, her form materialized—not solid, but an essence, a presence that spoke without words.

“I was afraid of what would happen after death,” she said. “But I am fine here.”

Aryan, immersed in the celestial dreamscape, absorbed her words with a strange clarity. Yet, he could feel the layers of attachment still binding her to the remnants of her earthly existence. Her state was vast, tranquil, and self-sustaining—like the expanse of space itself—but he could sense the imprints of her past life lingering.

“You are in a peaceful state,” he said gently. “But it is not complete liberation.”

Her presence flickered, absorbing his words. Perhaps she had reached out to him seeking confirmation—seeking to know if the holy rice grains, the blessings of the space pilgrim, had truly delivered her to salvation. He felt a deep knowing within—her journey was still unfolding, and she was seeking direction.

Then she whispered something unexpected. “Many of your ill-wishers are speaking against you behind your back.”

Aryan’s mind reeled for a moment. Even beyond life, she was protective of him. He smiled and reassured her, “You are closer to the divine than I am now. If you feel it is right, pray for my well-being.”

She agreed, and the connection between them began to fade. The glowing darkness dissipated, and Aryan awoke, drenched in the weight of something ancient and inexplicable.

## **Encounters Beyond the Veil**

Months later, she came again—but this time, not in peace.

She appeared in a terrible state, her form reflecting the suffering she must have felt at the time of her passing. Aryan saw her sitting motionless in the verandah of their ancestral home on Earth, her eyes distant, as if weighed down by some unspoken sorrow. The vision was unsettling, foreboding. She tried to speak, but no words came.

The next day, an incident shook him. A venomous space cobra—one of the experimental specimens kept for venom research—escaped from the containment unit and slithered near the observation deck of the moon colony. His assistant barely escaped its lethal strike. Aryan couldn't shake off the feeling that his grandmother had tried to warn him.

### **The Subtle Body's Journey**

As time passed, her appearances became more refined. Once, he saw her at a family gathering in a celestial dimension, surrounded by an inexplicable bliss. She seemed lighter, as if shedding the last fragments of her earthly burdens. He gently reminded her of the divine, and as if responding to an unspoken call, she slowly moved away, dissolving into the luminous air, disappearing into the grand structure of the unknown.

The last time she visited, she was radiant. Clothed in bright white, her aura shimmered with tranquility and joy. The weight she once carried was gone. She smiled at him, her presence filling him with an indescribable warmth.

"Where have you been?" she asked playfully.

"I was in Haridwar," Aryan replied.

Her eyes twinkled with familiarity. "Have you not been there before?"

He understood what she meant. Haridwar, the gateway to liberation on Earth, mirrored something deeper—her journey beyond. She walked past him, stepping through the doors of their ancestral home, her form dissolving into the golden light. And then, she was gone.

### **Beyond the Known**

Aryan sat in his meditation chamber on the moon, absorbing the cosmic revelations his grandmother had gifted him. Life and death, dream and reality, the physical and the astral—everything was intricately woven in a tapestry beyond human comprehension.

He had once questioned the validity of dream visitations, but no more. The soul, unbound by physical limitations, continued its journey, reaching out across dimensions, seeking closure, guidance, and connection. Whether it was the space

pilgrim's holy rice, his grandmother's karmic unfoldment, or the sheer force of love, something had tethered them across realms.

He closed his eyes, surrendering to the boundless cosmos. Somewhere, out in the vastness, she was still traveling—perhaps watching over him, perhaps soaring towards the final liberation.

And in that thought, she found peace.



## Chapter 17- Meeting a Space Mystic

Dr. Aryan Verma stood at the entrance of the lunar temple, its ancient stones bathed in the soft glow of Earth's distant light. The temple, perched on the rim of a crater, was unlike anything he had ever seen—a structure that seemed both futuristic and deeply ancient, a bridge between worlds. The carvings on its walls shimmered faintly under his helmet light, their inscriptions whispering secrets of ages long past.

"Are you sure about this, Aryan?" Meera's voice crackled through his earpiece, concern evident in her tone. She was back at the habitat module, watching over Avni and Ansh. "You don't even know who—or what—you'll find in there."

"I have to, Meera," Aryan replied, his breath steady despite the weight of anticipation pressing against his chest. "Something led me here. I need to see where it takes me."

Taking a deep breath, he stepped inside. The moment he crossed the threshold, a strange silence enveloped him, as if the air itself had thickened. The walls of the temple, covered in intricate carvings of celestial bodies and unknown symbols, pulsed faintly with an ethereal light. A deep hum resonated through the chamber, filling him with an odd sense of familiarity. It was as if he had been here before, in another lifetime.

At the heart of the temple stood a figure—tall, cloaked, radiating a presence that felt both calming and otherworldly. The figure turned slowly, revealing a face marked by time yet luminous with an inner glow. His eyes, deep and knowing, met Aryan's with an intensity that sent shivers down his spine.

"Welcome, Dr. Verma," the sage said, his voice resonating through the chamber. "I have been expecting you."

Aryan swallowed hard. "You... know me?"

A gentle smile played on the sage's lips. "Names are but fleeting echoes of the past. What matters is the essence within. You have traveled far—not just across space, but within your soul."

Aryan felt an inexplicable pull, a sense that he had arrived at the exact place he was meant to be. The vivid dreams, the cryptic messages that had guided him here—it was all leading to this moment.

“I’ve been having visions,” he admitted. “They led me to this place.”

“The universe whispers to those who listen,” the sage said. “Dreams, intuitions... they are all part of the great cosmic dance. You have heard the call. Now, you must understand it.”

Aryan glanced around the chamber, absorbing its sheer vastness. “What is this place? Who are you?”

“This temple is a sanctuary, a bridge between the terrestrial and the cosmic. It was built by seekers long before your kind set foot on this moon. They knew that true wisdom does not reside in the stars alone, but in the silence between them. As for me, I am merely a traveler, much like yourself, seeking understanding across realms.”

A wave of emotions washed over Aryan. “I always believed in the interconnectedness of life—the delicate balance of ecosystems, the unspoken bond between beings. But here, on the Moon, surrounded by emptiness, I feel... disconnected.”

The sage studied him, his gaze penetrating yet compassionate. “The Moon may seem barren, yet it holds profound wisdom. Its silence invites introspection; its desolation challenges you to find life within. Just as you cared for creatures on Earth, nurturing their well-being, you must now tend to the inner landscapes of your spirit.”

Aryan thought back to his work as a veterinarian—the long hours spent healing, understanding the silent suffering of animals. Perhaps, he mused, the same attentiveness was required to hear the whispers of the universe.

“In the vastness of space, it’s easy to feel insignificant,” the sage continued. “But consider this: every atom within you was forged in the heart of a star. You are not separate from the cosmos; you are its living, breathing manifestation.”

The words settled deep within him. He thought of Meera, Avni, and Ansh, their faces floating in his mind like distant constellations. The distance between them felt more than just physical—it was a chasm of experience, of transformation.

“How do I bridge the gap?” Aryan asked, his voice laced with emotion. “Between who I was and who I am becoming? Between me and those I love?”

The sage placed a reassuring hand on Aryan’s shoulder. “Love is the thread that weaves through time and space, binding souls across dimensions. Share your journey with them—not just in words, but in presence, in understanding. Let them see the universe through your eyes, and you through theirs.”

A moment of silence passed, thick with meaning.

Then, with a twinkle in his eye, the sage added, “And remember, even in the vastness of space, never underestimate the power of a good joke. Laughter is a universal language, after all.”

Aryan chuckled, the sound echoing softly in the chamber. It felt good, grounding him in the here and now.

His earpiece crackled to life. “Aryan, are you okay?” Meera’s voice was laced with worry.

“Yeah,” he said, smiling. “Better than okay. I think I just found what I was looking for.”

As he prepared to leave, he turned back to the sage. “Will I see you again?”

The sage’s smile was enigmatic. “The universe has a way of bringing together those who seek. Trust in the journey.”

Stepping out of the temple, Aryan gazed at the Earth—a luminous blue orb hanging in the velvet darkness. He felt a renewed sense of purpose, a deeper understanding of his place in the cosmos. The path ahead was uncertain, but he was ready to walk it, embracing the mysteries and marvels that awaited.

As he made his way back to the habitat, Meera, Avni, and Ansh were waiting for him, their faces filled with a mix of relief and curiosity.

"Dad, what happened in there?" Avni asked eagerly.

Aryan smiled, placing a hand on her shoulder. "Something wonderful. And I can't wait to tell you all about it."

As they stepped inside the habitat module, the air was filled with warmth, love, and the sense of an adventure only just beginning.

As they settled into the habitat module, the warmth of family surrounded Aryan, yet his mind remained tethered to the profound encounter in the temple. The sage's words echoed within him—*Trust in the journey*. He knew that his exploration of the cosmos had only just begun, not in the physical sense, but in the depths of his consciousness.

Later that night, as the others rested, Aryan sat by the observation window, gazing at the infinite expanse of space. A peculiar sensation stirred within him—a pull, not outward toward the stars, but inward, into the vast universe of his own being. The stillness of the Moon amplified the silence within, and for the first time, he truly listened.

A vibration coursed through his spine, subtle yet undeniable. His breath slowed, his awareness expanding beyond the confines of his body. The same hum that resonated in the temple now filled the space around him. The Moon itself felt alive, as though whispering secrets too ancient for words. He closed his eyes, surrendering to the sensation.

Visions emerged—not dreams, but glimpses of something beyond time. He saw beings of light moving through celestial pathways, knowledge encoded in the very fabric of existence. He felt the interconnectedness of all life, stretching beyond Earth, beyond Luna, into the boundless expanse of the cosmos. The temple had merely been an entry point—what lay ahead was a spiritual voyage unlike any he had ever imagined.

A soft chime from his communicator pulled him back to the present. It was Meera. "*You're not asleep?*" she asked, her voice tender.

"No," Aryan replied, still staring at the stars. "*I think... I think something has awakened within me.*"

Meera sat beside him, looking up at the vast sky. "*You've always searched for meaning, Aryan. Maybe this is where you find it.*"

He took her hand, feeling the warmth of their shared journey. "*Or maybe, Meera, this is only the beginning.*"

## Chapter 18- The Concept of Chakras and the Cosmos Within

As the lunar habitat hummed with a soft, rhythmic pulse of life-support systems, the Verma family sat in a dimly lit meditation chamber, their minds eager yet calm. The revelations from the space mystic had left a profound mark on Dr. Aryan Verma, and now his wife Meera, daughter Avni, and son Ansh had joined him in an extraordinary journey—one that led not outward to the stars, but inward, into the vast cosmos within.

Their first collective meditation session had been tentative, but something magical had happened. As they focused on their chakras, an unspoken harmony emerged between them, weaving their energies together like an unseen celestial tapestry. Day by day, the effects became more tangible, more exhilarating. It was as if they had unlocked an ancient portal within, a gateway into dimensions unseen.

### The Dance of Energy: Root to Crown

Aryan structured their practice systematically, guiding each family member through the seven chakras, each attuned to their own resonance. Colored grains, sacred bija mantras, and visualization techniques became their tools, transforming their mundane lunar existence into an experience of profound self-discovery.

At the **Muladhara**, the root chakra, a deep red glow seemed to emanate from their beings. Ansh, the youngest, was the first to feel it vividly.

"Papa, I feel like I'm sinking into the Moon's surface!" he exclaimed, eyes still closed. "But it's... nice, like I'm part of it."

Aryan smiled. "That's grounding, son. Stability, security. You're becoming one with the foundation of existence."

Meera, initially skeptical, found her doubts dissolving. "It's strange," she admitted. "I feel like I can actually sense an invisible energy anchoring me. It's not just imagination."

As they moved to **Svadhithana**, the sacral chakra, Avni suddenly gasped. "The color orange—it's not just in my mind. It's... radiating around me!"

Indeed, the more they meditated, the more they began seeing faint auric hues, subtle yet undeniable. With each session, their senses sharpened, their perception extending beyond the ordinary. The sterile lunar base, once devoid of life's vibrancy, now felt alive with an unseen force.

By the time they reached **Manipura**, the solar plexus chakra, their bodies grew noticeably warmer. Ansh giggled, clutching his stomach. "It's like there's a tiny Sun inside me!"

Meera opened her eyes, amazed. "How is this possible? We're just meditating, and yet... I feel an actual fire within, fueling my thoughts, my willpower."

Aryan nodded. "Because that's exactly what this chakra represents. Strength, determination. It's the fire that makes us who we are."

With **Anahata**, the heart chakra, emotions surged unexpectedly. One evening, after a particularly deep session, Avni broke down in tears. "I don't know why I'm crying," she whispered, wiping her eyes. "But it feels... good. Like my heart just opened."

Meera, too, felt an overwhelming wave of warmth, a love beyond words. "I understand now. Love is not just emotion. It's energy. It has weight, movement, color. It's real."

At **Vishuddha**, the throat chakra, their voices changed. It was subtle at first, but soon undeniable—words carried new power. Ansh, usually reserved, found himself expressing thoughts he had never articulated before.

"I always wanted to talk about space like Papa does," he admitted one evening. "But I was scared I'd sound stupid. Now... I feel like my words matter."

Meera and Avni also noticed a shift. Conversations became deeper, richer. The family felt more connected than ever before.

**Ajna**, the third eye chakra, was where reality itself seemed to bend. Their meditations grew immersive, filled with visions not of imagination, but something beyond. Avni described seeing fractals of light, shifting like sentient constellations. Meera felt as though she could sense thoughts before they were spoken. Ansh, with childlike innocence, simply stated, "I see the Moon glowing blue, but only when my eyes are closed."

And then came **Sahasrara**, the crown chakra. The true test.

### **The Threshold of Bliss**

One fateful evening, as the family meditated in unison, something extraordinary occurred. A collective vibration coursed through them, as though their energies had synchronized to a singular frequency. The familiar sense of self began dissolving. Their awareness expanded—not just outward, but inwards, stretching into an infinite expanse where time and space held no dominion.

Meera suddenly whispered, "Aryan, I... I feel like I'm floating. But my body's still here."

Avni's voice was distant, awed. "I think... I understand what the mystic meant. The universe isn't out there. It's in here. We carry it. We are it."

Ansh giggled, his laughter carrying a strange echo. "I'm everywhere! I'm the stars and the Moon and... everything!"

For a brief, immeasurable moment, the family existed in pure awareness—a state eerily close to savikalpasamadhi. It was not the final stage, not the enlightenment of saints, but it was a glimpse. A taste of something far greater than any of them had imagined possible.

As the experience faded and their normal senses returned, they opened their eyes, staring at one another in disbelief. Meera, the ever-logical one, was the first to break the silence.

"Aryan," she whispered. "What... just happened to us?"

Aryan exhaled, still feeling the afterglow of the experience. "We touched something ancient, something eternal. And this... is just the beginning."

### **A New Way of Life**

From that day on, meditation was no longer just a practice—it was a way of life. The family naturally gravitated toward their sessions, each drawn to the bliss, the clarity, the peace it brought. They experimented with different meditation objects, each choosing a symbol that resonated most deeply with their being—Meera, a glowing lotus; Avni, a celestial wheel; Ansh, a tiny pulsating star.

Their understanding deepened, but they also knew the path was long. The final awakening, the true transcendence, would require more than just fleeting glimpses. It would demand patience, devotion, surrender. And so, they embraced the journey, letting it unfold at its own divine pace.

On the barren Moon, where silence stretched for eternity, the Verma family had discovered a symphony—the soundless, luminous music of the cosmos within.

They had ventured beyond Earth, beyond space, and now, beyond the self. And as they meditated beneath the eternal gaze of the stars, one truth became undeniable:

The real voyage was never about reaching the Moon. It was about discovering the infinite universe within.



## Part 5- The Changing Moon and the Search for a New Destination

### Chapter 19: Changes in Lunar Society

The transformation was inevitable. As the Verma family continued their profound journey into the depths of inner consciousness, the world outside was shifting rapidly. The once serene and mysterious lunar colony had begun to bear the weight of its own success. Population surged, technological advancements skyrocketed, and with them, the subtle, almost imperceptible erosion of peace had begun.

Dr. Aryan Verma, ever the keen observer, sat in his clinic staring out of the large glass window. What was once a landscape of eerie tranquility, with slow-moving transport pods and sparsely scattered dwellings, had now morphed into a chaotic expanse of blinking neon lights, crowded walkways, and a growing sense of restlessness in the air.

Meera walked in, setting a cup of moon-brewed tea beside him. "Lost in thought?" she asked, placing a gentle hand on his shoulder.

Aryan sighed. "Have you noticed how quickly things are changing? Just a few years ago, we marveled at the stillness, the silence of the Moon. Now... it's starting to feel like Earth."

Meera nodded, settling into the chair opposite him. "Avni and Ansh were saying the same thing. The schools are overcrowded, there's competition even for the simplest jobs, and the traffic on the lunar highways..." She shook her head. "Peace is slipping away."

Aryan glanced outside again. The streets below were packed with people rushing from one place to another. The moon's gravity still made their movements slower than Earth's, but their urgency was unmistakable.

The doors to the clinic slid open, and Avni entered, her face etched with frustration. "Dad, I just had the weirdest argument with a friend. She said spiritual practices are outdated, that there's no place for meditation in a world that's moving at the speed of light. Can you believe that?"

Aryan smiled softly. "The more external noise there is, the harder it becomes to hear the inner voice. It's natural for people to get swept up in the rush."

Ansh, who had followed Avni inside, slumped onto the couch. "I don't get it. Weren't we supposed to build something better here? A fresh start? Instead, people are just repeating the same mistakes."

Aryan leaned forward, his voice calm yet firm. "The mind is like water. If left still, it reflects the cosmos perfectly. But once disturbed, it loses clarity. The Moon gave humanity an opportunity, a blank canvas, but it seems we've brought the same restlessness with us."

Meera sighed. "I miss the days when we would all meditate together in the evenings, letting go of everything. Now, even our family has been caught up in the chaos."

Aryan placed a reassuring hand on hers. "Then let's reclaim that peace. We don't have to fight the storm outside, but we can make sure it doesn't enter our home."

That evening, under the artificial lunar sky projection—a simulated sunset blending hues of gold and crimson—the Verma family resumed their practice. They sat together, closing their eyes, breathing deeply. The familiar vibrations of the **bij mantras** filled the air as each of them visualized their chosen chakra, feeling the gentle pulsations of energy rising within.

Avni's focus remained on the Ajna chakra, the indigo sphere pulsing between her brows, filling her with clarity amidst the growing uncertainty outside. Ansh, drawn to the solar plexus chakra, felt the golden fire of confidence reigniting within him. Meera found solace in the heart chakra, her breath aligning with the rhythmic hum of unconditional love. Aryan, as always, surrendered to the vastness of the Sahasrara, embracing the blissful expanse of consciousness that stretched beyond the mind's grasp.

As the weeks passed, their inner sanctuary strengthened. The turmoil outside persisted—traffic jams on the lunar highways, political disputes over resource allocation, corporations battling over territories—but within the Verma household, there was a stillness untouched by the outside world.

One evening, after a particularly deep meditation, Avni opened her eyes and whispered, "Dad... I think I understand now. It's not about escaping the chaos. It's about carrying peace within us, no matter where we are."

Aryan smiled, his heart swelling with pride. "Exactly. The world will always change, Avni. People will chase, compete, struggle. But true peace is found not in changing the world, but in mastering the self."

Ansh smirked. "So basically, we're Jedi?"

Meera chuckled. "In a way, yes. Masters of our own energy."

That night, as Aryan lay in bed, gazing out at the stars, he felt something stir within him. The Moon, once a symbol of solitude, was evolving into a micro-cosm of Earth's complexities. But amidst the noise, he knew there would always be those who sought the silence, those who walked the path inward.

And as long as even a few held that torch, the light of true awareness would never fade.

## Chapter 20- The Inner Universe: Discovering Cosmic Harmony Through the Body

Aryan's family was struggling to keep up with the fast-paced lunar world. Sitting meditation alone was no longer enough—they needed something more dynamic, something that could seamlessly integrate into their daily lives. **Necessity is the mother of invention.** As they searched for a solution, a forgotten memory surfaced in Aryan's mind—something profound, something that had once saved him in the most chaotic of times. He recalled the **dynamic meditation** that had once been his anchor, guiding him through the turbulence of both **lunar chaos and earthly struggles**—a practice that had not only saved him but had transformed him.

### **An Old Realization Resurfaces: The Need for Dynamic Meditation**

As the chaotic waves of lunar society crashed harder each day—traffic clogging the once serene domed corridors, competition growing relentless, and a strange restlessness gripping the people—Dr. Aryan Verma found himself reminiscing about something he had once devised in his youth. It was a memory buried deep within the corridors of his mind, an intellectual and spiritual creation born out of necessity during his time at the Lunar University: **SharirvigyanDarshan**.

This wasn't just a philosophy; it was a revelation. Aryan had designed it to protect himself from the overwhelming energy fluctuations of the **Intergalactic Scholarly Exchange Program**, where beings from different planetary civilizations, each carrying their own frequencies and mindsets, interacted. The sheer intensity of those encounters had once threatened to shatter his inner equilibrium. The standard methods of meditation and breathwork seemed inadequate in that highly volatile environment. That's when **SharirvigyanDarshan** emerged—a framework based on the holographic principle that **everything outside exists within the body itself**.

*"Yatpinde tat brahmande,"* the ancient wisdom had whispered to him during his contemplations. If the vast, incomprehensible cosmos was mirrored inside the human body, then true peace could be accessed by simply tuning into one's own inner structure. With this realization, he had meticulously mapped out how celestial patterns, planetary influences, and even social dynamics manifested as direct reflections within the body's microcosm.

The first time Aryan had tested his theory in the university's **Zero-Gravity Contemplation Chamber**, the results had been staggering. By simply meditating on the idea that **the universe was not outside but within**, his mind had stopped reacting to external chaos. Instead, he had tapped into a profound silence, an inner space untouched by disturbances. It was like watching a storm through a window rather than being trapped in it. Within seconds of contemplation, his body and mind would reset to a state of deep equilibrium.

Later, during his years of **animal welfare practices** on the Moon and even more later, upon returning to Earth, Aryan found that **SharirvigyanDarshan** became even more profound. The natural environment—untouched forests, flowing rivers, and the vast sky—seemed to resonate with the same cosmic rhythm he had once glimpsed within animals. Sitting by a quiet lake or simply feeling the earth beneath his bare feet, he could instantly reconnect to that deep, inner stillness.

Humans on Earth, much like their lunar counterparts, were still entangled in complexities—racing through life, burdened by endless thoughts. But Aryan had already seen beyond this illusion. He knew that the entire universe existed within, and **peace was never lost, only forgotten**. Now, armed with this understanding, he was ready to guide others—not through words alone, but by showing them how to experience it for themselves.

In this way, he had refined this system further. Observing how animals carried natural harmony within them, unperturbed by the artificial lunar complexities, he integrated their instinctual wisdom into his method. Aryan could contemplate **SharirvigyanDarshan** more profoundly within an animal's body, for they kept their bodies **free, unconcealed, and unburdened by mental constructs**. Unlike humans, animals did not layer their physical existence with rigid identities, stress, or abstract self-imposed barriers. Their natural way of being allowed Aryan to observe the **pure reflection of the cosmos within**—unfiltered and untangled by the complexities of human thought. Over time, **SharirvigyanDarshan** became not just a survival tool but a direct gateway to transcendence. It played a crucial role in Aryan's spiritual evolution, helping him bridge the worldly and the divine effortlessly.

Now, as lunar civilization spiraled into an ever-accelerating whirlpool of stress, competition, and existential fatigue, Aryan decided to share this powerful knowledge with his family.

One evening, as the artificial lunar dusk set in, Aryan sat in his study, gazing at the holographic projection of a tiger he had once rehabilitated on Earth. His fingers traced the light patterns absentmindedly. Meera, noticing his pensive mood, set down her tablet and leaned closer.

**"Lost in thought again?"** she asked with a soft smile.

Aryan nodded. **"I was thinking about SharirvigyanDarshan... how I first understood it."**

Avni, who had just walked in, raised an eyebrow. **"You mean that technique you taught us? The one that calms the mind instantly?"**

**"Exactly,"** Aryan said, his eyes gleaming. **"But it didn't come to me all at once. It was through animals that I truly understood it."**

Ansh, who had been half-listening while playing with his lunar drone model, perked up. **"Wait, how do animals fit into this?"**

Aryan leaned forward, his voice dropping slightly as if revealing a great secret. **"Humans are too tangled in their own mental constructions. We don't just live in our bodies—we imprison ourselves in thoughts, labels, and fears. But animals..."** He gestured to the tiger's glowing image. **"They don't conceal their bodies. They live exactly as they are, free from the layers of artificial identity we impose on ourselves."**

Meera nodded thoughtfully. **"So, you saw the universe within them more clearly?"**

**"Yes! That's when I realized: if 'yatpinde tat brahmande'—if everything outside is mirrored within—then animals were the purest reflection of this truth. Their bodies were like open books, free of unnecessary scribbles. When I contemplated Sharirvigyan inside them, it was like looking into a pristine, undistorted mirror of the cosmos."**

Avni's eyes widened. **"That's insane... So, you didn't just 'think' about it—you saw it, felt it, inside them?"**

Aryan smiled. **"Exactly! When I worked with injured animals, I would sometimes just close my eyes and tune into their natural state. Within seconds, an incredible peace would wash over me, as if my own body was syncing with the cosmic rhythm they carried effortlessly. It was unlike any meditation I had ever done before."**

Ansh, fascinated now, asked, **"But why doesn't this happen when we look at humans?"**

Aryan chuckled. **"Because humans are like locked chests. Even when we sit still, our minds are constructing barriers—judging, analyzing, resisting. Animals just are. That's why it was through them that I first understood how to access peace instantly. And that's why, even now, whenever I feel overwhelmed by lunar chaos, I return to this practice."**

Meera exhaled, shaking her head in amazement. **"No wonder it works so fast... It's not just a technique. It's tapping into something fundamental, something we forgot but animals never lost."**

Aryan nodded. **"Yes. And that's why SharirvigyanDarshan isn't just a philosophy. It's an experience—one that saved me once, and will keep saving us as this lunar world gets more chaotic. It is better to visualize SharirvigyanDarshan within your own body—through your bare hands, breath, or entire being—rather than within another human, as they might misinterpret or resist it. Unlike humans, who are often entangled in self-perceptions and mental constructs, most animals remain free of such distortions, making them a purer reflection of the cosmic truth. However, the most direct and reliable approach is to observe and experience it within yourself."**

The family sat in silence for a moment, absorbing the depth of his words. Outside, lunar traffic zipped through the domes, and the distant hum of civilization echoed in the artificial air. But within their home, there was only stillness—the kind that Aryan had first glimpsed inside the soul of an untamed beast.

At first, Meera, Avni, and Ansh were skeptical. How could something as simple as **recognizing the cosmos within** bring instant peace? But as Aryan guided them through the process, the results were undeniable. Within seconds of entering this contemplative state, they felt **a magnetic pull inward**, a soothing stillness unlike anything they had experienced before.

Even amidst the growing **modern lunar chaos**, **SharirvigyanDarshan** became their sanctuary. It preserved their inner peace **without hindering their worldly progress**, allowing them to thrive amidst the madness without being consumed by it.

And so, as the Moon's first civilization wrestled with its own inevitable struggles, the Verma family quietly mastered the art of **carrying stillness within movement**, of walking through storms **without getting wet**.

The journey of **SharirvigyanDarshan** had just begun.

## Chapter 21- Economic Growth vs. Tranquility

Dr. Aryan Verma sat by the large window of his lunar habitat, gazing at the vast stretch of silver dust bathed in eternal twilight. The stillness of the Moon contrasted sharply with the bustling economic projects that had begun taking shape around their settlement. Mining operations hummed in the distance, robotic arms tirelessly extracting lunar minerals, while massive greenhouse domes glowed faintly under the artificial spectrum of simulated sunlight.

Meera walked up behind him, placing a gentle hand on his shoulder. "You seem lost in thought, Aryan."

He smiled, covering her hand with his. "Just observing the paradox we've created, Meera. Economic growth has reached even the Moon. But I wonder, are we losing something vital in the process? Tranquility, perhaps?"

She sat down beside him. "You mean the peace we felt when we first came here? The untouched silence, the almost meditative stillness?"

"Exactly." He nodded. "There was a time when our minds were free to explore the inner universe, where our days were filled with awe, not numbers and statistics. But now—" He gestured at the domes beyond. "—it's all about efficiency, productivity, expansion."

A soft chime interrupted their conversation. The holo-communicator flickered, and Avni's voice came through. "Dad, you should see this. There's something strange happening near the mining site."

The urgency in her tone sent a shiver down Aryan's spine. Within moments, he and Meera were suited up and heading out with Avni and Ansh towards the excavation zone.

As they approached, they saw a group of workers standing around a peculiar structure that had emerged from the excavation site. It wasn't a natural rock formation—it was an ancient, geometric structure, almost crystalline, pulsating with an eerie blue light.

"This... isn't human-made," Aryan whispered, feeling the weight of discovery pressing upon his mind.



Ansh, wide-eyed, moved closer. "Do you think it belonged to an ancient civilization? Something that lived here before us?"

Avni examined the structure with her scanner. "No known composition matches this material. It's neither metal nor stone as we know it. It's... something else."

A sudden gust of invisible force emanated from the structure, and for a fleeting moment, Aryan felt his mind pulled into a vortex of light. Visions flickered before him—tall, ethereal beings walking under a moonlit sky, surrounded by luminous energy fields. Their civilization thrived not on conquest or industry but on a deep connection to the cosmos itself.

And then, just as suddenly, he was back. He staggered, gasping.

Meera caught him. "Aryan, what happened?"

He gripped her hand, his pulse racing. "I saw them... The ones who were here before us. They weren't driven by material growth like we are. They lived in harmony with the universe itself."

The words hung in the air, resonating deeply with each of them. They had come to the Moon seeking progress, but in their relentless pursuit, had they overlooked the very essence of existence?

As they stood in contemplative silence, the ground beneath them vibrated faintly. The structure's glow intensified, and a wave of warmth enveloped them, filling them with an inexplicable sense of peace. It was as if the Moon itself was whispering an ancient truth: **Growth without harmony is chaos, but balance births eternity.**

Ansh, always the curious one, reached out, his fingers barely grazing the crystalline surface. A deep hum reverberated through their suits, and for a split second, they felt weightless, as if they were no longer bound by gravity or time.

Avni's voice quivered with awe. "Dad... this is more than just a relic. It's a message. A reminder."

Aryan met his daughter's gaze, his heart swelling with realization. "We've been so focused on building outward that we've forgotten to build inward. Maybe that's why we found this now—so we can choose a different path."

Meera smiled, the weight of understanding settling upon her. "Then let's make sure our progress includes both worlds—the economic and the spiritual. We don't have to lose one to gain the other."

As they walked back, the luminous structure pulsed once more before fading into stillness, as if satisfied that its message had been received.

The Moon continued its silent vigil, watching over those who dared to tread its surface, whispering its ancient wisdom to those willing to listen.

As they returned to their habitat, the conversation continued over dinner.

"This reminds me of Duryodhana," Aryan said, pushing his plate aside. "In the Mahabharata, he had immense wealth, yet his arrogance blinded him to spiritual wisdom. He tortured his own brothers, thinking power alone would sustain him. But where did it lead him? To ruin."

Ansh's eyes widened. "Like Ravana too, right? In the Ramayana, he had everything—golden palaces, powerful armies—but his obsession with wealth and power made him blind to Lord Rama's divinity. And he lost everything."

Meera nodded. "And both of them had warnings. Saints, sages, even their own family members tried to make them see reason, but they ignored spiritual wisdom. In the end, material wealth couldn't save them."

Avni leaned forward thoughtfully. "So, history keeps repeating itself? We chase wealth without wisdom, and it leads to destruction?"

"Not always," Aryan said. "There's another way. The Isopanishad teaches us balance—'Avidyayamrityumtirtva, vidyayaamritamashnute.' It means, through material knowledge, we transcend mortality, but only through spiritual wisdom do we attain immortality. True progress isn't rejecting wealth—it's about balancing it with inner wisdom."

Ansh furrowed his brows. "But Dad, isn't that what's happening here? I mean, look at the social issues developing on the Moon. Crime rates among settlers have increased because people are competing ruthlessly for wealth. There are already disputes over mining zones."

Avni added, "And let's not forget how the environment is suffering. The Moon was once silent and pure, but now the endless pursuit of resources is turning it into just another battleground for corporate greed. The dust storms caused by unregulated excavation have already affected visibility and habitat stability."

Meera sighed. "And psychological issues are rising too. People are working day and night to meet quotas. Anxiety, depression, isolation—it's all taking a toll. Without spiritual grounding, this place is turning into a soulless machine."

Aryan exhaled, his gaze drifting to the lunar horizon. "This is why we must find a way to integrate wisdom into our progress. The Moon doesn't have to become another Earth, plagued with the same mistakes. If we listen, if we learn... we can create a future where growth and tranquility coexist."

A comfortable silence filled the room as the weight of these realizations settled in their hearts. Outside, the stars shimmered above the lunar surface, as if silently affirming their newfound understanding.

## **Chapter 22: The Industrial Boom & Consequences**

Aryan Verma stood by the observation dome, gazing at the sprawling lunar colony that had evolved beyond recognition. Once a silent, barren world, the Moon was now a thriving economic hub, its surface littered with industrial complexes, research stations, and mining rigs. It was a marvel of human ambition—a testament to their ability to mold nature to their will.

And yet, something felt profoundly wrong.

The Moon was changing. Not just in a material sense, but in ways that defied conventional understanding. Reports of unexplained energy surges, structural anomalies in mining shafts, and strange behavioral patterns in both animals and humans had begun surfacing. Scientists dismissed them as effects of altered circadian rhythms and low gravity, but Aryan knew better.

As a veterinarian, he had learned to read the unspoken language of life, the subtle cues of nature. And now, the Moon itself seemed to be sending signals—distress signals.

But was anyone listening?

### **Anomalies Beneath the Surface**

“Aryan, you need to see this.”

Dev, a young geologist, led him and Meera through the corridors of Outpost Theta, the settlement closest to a major excavation site. Entering the underground facility, Aryan immediately felt an odd pressure in his head—a vibration, not of sound but of something more fundamental, as if space itself were resonating.

“Seismic activity?” Aryan asked.

Dev shook his head. “That’s the problem. There’s no tectonic movement here. But watch this.”

They stepped into the mining tunnel, where the usual jagged lunar rock had given way to something unnatural—perfectly smooth walls, laced with intricate, vein-like patterns. When the lights were turned off, an eerie glow emanated from these formations, pulsating in rhythmic patterns.

Meera inhaled sharply. "That looks... biological."

Aryan touched the surface. A tingling sensation coursed through his fingertips, triggering a cascade of images in his mind—visions of structures forming and dissolving, civilizations rising and crumbling, an unbroken chain of energy flowing through time.

A living network.

"This isn't rock," Aryan murmured. "It's a conduit—an energy system."

Dev nodded. "We analyzed the mineral composition. It's unlike anything found on the Moon. In fact, it's *not found anywhere* in known geology."

Meera frowned. "Are you suggesting it's artificial?"

"Not artificial," Aryan corrected, his voice barely above a whisper. "Organic."

### **A Conscious Moon? The Science Behind the Myth**

Aryan's mind raced. Could the Moon itself be a sentient entity? It sounded absurd, yet the evidence before him suggested an intelligence embedded within its very structure.

Mainstream science had long assumed celestial bodies were inert, lifeless rocks. But what if that assumption was flawed?

Modern physics had already ventured into the idea that space-time itself might be a living, self-organizing field. Biocentrism, a theory proposed by Dr. Robert Lanza, suggested that life and consciousness were fundamental to the universe—not mere byproducts of evolution. Quantum mechanics had revealed that observation could alter physical reality, hinting that consciousness was deeply woven into the fabric of existence.

Could the Moon be part of an ancient, cosmic intelligence—one that responded to human activity?

Aryan thought of the human nervous system, where neural pathways transmit information in patterns resembling the glowing veins beneath the lunar surface. The parallel was undeniable.

*"YatPinde Tat Brahmande"—what exists within the body exists within the universe.*

The Moon wasn't just a celestial rock; it was a body, a macro-organism, with pathways akin to *nadis* in yogic science. Humanity's drilling and mining were like puncturing vital meridian points in acupuncture, disrupting an equilibrium that had existed for eons.

The industrial boom had triggered a response.

But was it a warning... or something else?

### **The Echoes of Forgotten Civilizations**

As the vibrations in the tunnel intensified, the walls began shifting. The glowing patterns rearranged themselves, forming symbols that pulsed like a heartbeat. Then, suddenly—

Darkness.

A flood of visions struck Aryan's mind. He saw civilizations long before humans had set foot on the Moon. Advanced beings, perhaps from other stars, had once mined these depths, only to vanish without a trace. Their downfall was not due to war or catastrophe, but something more subtle—an imbalance they failed to correct.

The Moon had absorbed them, just as it was now absorbing humanity's presence.

Not out of malice.

But because that was its nature.

Like a body rejecting a foreign substance, the Moon was simply responding to disturbance. If humanity continued its unchecked exploitation, it risked the same fate as those before them—dissolution into cosmic silence.

The vision faded. Aryan gasped, his mind reeling.

"The Moon remembers," he whispered.

Meera grasped his arm. "Aryan, what did you see?"

"Not just history... a warning."

### **The Path Forward: Harmony or Collapse**

Aryan sat in silence back in their colony, his thoughts aligning with the rhythm of his own breath. If the Moon was alive, then humanity could not treat it as an object to be conquered.

They had two choices:

1. Continue exploiting it blindly, forcing the lunar system into deeper imbalance, risking a future where the Moon would erase them as it had others.
2. Align with it, harmonizing their existence with its natural order, much like how yogic science teaches one to align inner energies with the cosmic flow.

It wasn't about abandoning industry, but about evolving industry—developing technology that worked *with* the Moon's natural state instead of against it.

Perhaps electromagnetic mining instead of deep drilling. Perhaps structures built to channel, not block, the Moon's energy currents. Perhaps even a new field of research—*Lunar Energy Dynamics*—to study and decode the planet's living network.

But was humanity ready?

Meera, watching him, finally spoke. "You're thinking about how to convince them, aren't you?"

Aryan exhaled. "If they don't understand soon, the Moon will make the decision for them."

She nodded solemnly. "Then we start with ourselves."

He looked at her, realizing the truth in her words. Change begins within. If they could embody the harmony they sought, others would follow.

The Moon had spoken. Now, it was up to them to listen.

### **Conclusion: A Cosmic Reflection**

The industrial boom had brought humanity to the precipice of something far greater than economic expansion. It had led them to the realization that they were not separate from the universe, but deeply intertwined with it.

Just as a human being cannot exist in isolation from their environment, Earth's children could not exist on the Moon as mere invaders. They had to become *part* of it.

For in the end, the Moon was not just a celestial body.

It was a mirror.

A reflection of humanity's own consciousness.

And how they treated it... would define their future.

### **The Moon's Wounds and the Art of Healing**

After witnessing the damage firsthand, Aryan sat at his desk, in the small, dimly lit chamber of their lunar habitat, lost in thought and troubled by what he had seen. The images from the excavation sites haunted him—vast craters left open, their interiors raw and exposed, like wounds never meant to heal.

Meera placed a cup of warm herbal infusion on the table beside him. "You've been quiet since we came back. What's on your mind?"

Aryan ran a hand through his hair. "It's the Moon, Meera. I can't shake the feeling that we're hurting it more than we realize."

Avni, their daughter, had been listening from the corner. "You mean the mining sites? But isn't that necessary for the colony's survival?"

Aryan sighed. "Necessary, yes. But the way we're doing it... We're digging deep, taking what we need, and leaving the wounds open. It reminds me of an injured animal. If a wound isn't properly treated—if you just cover it with a superficial layer without real healing—what happens?"

Avni thought for a moment. "It festers. Infection sets in. The animal weakens over time."

"Exactly." Aryan leaned forward. "The Moon isn't just a lifeless rock. There's a balance here, just like in a living organism. And we're disrupting it."

Ansh, his younger son, frowned. "So what do we do? Stop mining completely?"

Meera shook her head. "That's not realistic. But we can change how we do it. Back on Earth, when forests were cut down for development, responsible com-



munities replanted trees, ensuring nature could recover. Why can't we do the same here?"

Aryan nodded. "Every site we excavate must be restored. We can't just move on and leave craters behind. The Moon needs its structural integrity—just like a body needs proper healing after surgery."

Dev, the geologist, had just arrived and caught the last part of the conversation. "You're suggesting lunar rehabilitation?" He raised an eyebrow. "That's... a bit out there, Aryan."

"Is it?" Aryan countered. "Think about it. On Earth, ecosystems are self-sustaining. Disturbances, when left unchecked, cause chain reactions—droughts, erosion, even collapses in entire food chains. Who's to say the Moon doesn't have its own equilibrium?"

Dev rubbed his chin. "Theoretically, lunar regolith could be re-compacted, radiation shields could be built over disturbed areas... but that would mean extra resources and time."

Meera crossed her arms. "Wouldn't that be a small price to pay compared to the potential risks of destabilizing something we don't fully understand?"

Ansh grinned. "So, basically, we fix what we break. Like when I accidentally knock over Avni's books and have to stack them back properly before she notices?"

Avni smirked. "If only you were as careful with my things as you want people to be with the Moon."

Aryan chuckled but turned serious again. "We don't know what kind of damage we might already be causing. YatPinde Tat Brahmande—the same principles that govern our bodies govern the universe. If we mistreat our own health, our bodies deteriorate. If we mistreat the Moon... what if it deteriorates in a way we're not prepared for?"

Dev exhaled. "Alright. Let's say you're right. How do we convince the industrial board? They only care about efficiency and output."

Meera smiled. "By showing them that efficiency and sustainability don't have to be opposites."

Aryan's eyes lit up. "Yes! We restore one site first. A pilot project. If we can prove that maintaining balance benefits both the Moon and industry, they'll listen."

Dev smirked. "You really believe the Moon is alive, don't you?"

Aryan didn't hesitate. "Not alive like us. But alive in a way we don't yet understand. And if we ignore the signs, we might regret it."

The room fell silent, each of them contemplating the weight of Aryan's words.

Finally, Meera reached for Aryan's hand. "Then let's get to work."

## Chapter 23: Space Epidemics & Lockdowns

Just as the dust from the industrial expansion began to settle, bringing a fragile sense of balance, an unforeseen crisis loomed on the horizon. What had started as whispers in the medical quarters soon spiraled into a full-scale emergency—something far more insidious than environmental disruptions. The Moon, once a beacon of human progress, was now facing a silent, invisible enemy.

The Moon had always been a symbol of hope and expansion, a testament to human resilience in the face of the unknown. But now, an invisible enemy threatened its fragile ecosystem. A new kind of crisis loomed over the colony—an outbreak unlike any before.

### The First Signs

It started with whispers in the corridors of the lunar medical unit. Patients arriving with symptoms that defied common lunar ailments—fever, dizziness, and difficulty in breathing within the Moon's artificial atmosphere. Initially, it was dismissed as minor respiratory distress caused by recent industrial expansion. But then, the cases surged.

Dr. Aryan Verma sat at the dinner table, his face lined with worry. His wife, Meera, set down a bowl of steaming soup. "You've barely spoken today," she said softly.

Aryan sighed. "Something's happening, Meera. Cases of an unknown respiratory illness are rising fast. The med teams can't figure out whether it's a bacterial infection or some mutated lunar virus."

Avni, their elder daughter, raised an eyebrow. "Mutated lunar virus? That sounds serious. How did it start?"

"No one knows yet," Aryan admitted. "But it seems linked to the excavation sites."

"The same ones where they found those strange energy fluctuations?" Meera asked, her voice tinged with concern.

Aryan nodded. "Exactly. We might have awakened something... and now it's spreading."

## **The Lockdown Begins**

Within a week, panic set in. The Lunar Administration declared a full-scale lockdown. Colonists were confined to their habitation domes. The once-bustling corridors of the Moon's industrial hubs were now eerily silent. Robotic drones patrolled the streets, broadcasting safety messages in calm, mechanical voices.

Aryan's hospital dome became the epicenter of crisis management. The medical team was overwhelmed, with no clear treatment protocol.

Ansh, Aryan's younger son, tapped on his father's wrist communicator. "Dad, why can't we just go outside in suits? If the atmosphere inside is bad, wouldn't that help?"

Aryan ruffled his son's hair. "It's not just the air, beta. This virus—if that's what it is—spreads even in sealed environments. It's in the recycled oxygen, in the surfaces, maybe even in the water. We need to understand it before we fight it."

Avni bit her lip. "So we're stuck here? Just like Earth during the pandemic?"

Meera nodded grimly. "History repeats itself. First on Earth, now on the Moon."

## **The Battle Against the Unseen Enemy**

As the days stretched into weeks, tensions rose. Supplies ran low, and fear ran high. The Lunar Colony's central AI was programmed for emergencies but had never faced a biological crisis of this scale.

Aryan and his team worked tirelessly, analyzing samples. Then, a breakthrough came—

"It's a hybrid organism," Aryan explained to the council. "A mix of ancient microbes from the Moon's deep crust and something synthetic, likely from industrial waste. It's airborne but also spreads through surface contact."

The Director of Lunar Health rubbed her temples. "And the cure?"

Aryan exhaled deeply. "We need an antibody synthesis. But we're running out of time."

## **A Glimmer of Hope**

Amidst the chaos, Aryan noticed something unusual—animals in the research labs, despite exposure, remained unaffected. His veterinarian instincts kicked in. “Maybe their immune systems hold a clue.”

With a stroke of insight, Aryan proposed a radical idea: using genetic markers from lunar-adapted animals to engineer a counter-virus.

Days turned into nights of relentless work. Avni and Ansh helped set up sample simulations in their living quarters, while Meera coordinated food supplies for the struggling community.

Then came the breakthrough—

“We did it!” Aryan exclaimed, rushing into the room. “We’ve developed a counteractive serum. It’s experimental, but it works!”

## **The Healing and the Awakening**

The first doses were distributed. Slowly, the colony began to recover. But with healing came a deeper realization.

One evening, Aryan and Meera stood near the observatory, looking at the Earth in the distance.

“It’s as if the Moon itself warned us,” Meera murmured. “We disturbed its balance, and it pushed back.”

Aryan nodded. “Yatpinde tat brahmande... Whatever happens inside us, happens outside. The Moon, like the body, needs harmony. If we exploit it without understanding, it retaliates. Just as the body’s inflammatory response can turn its own healthy biology against itself and its constituents like body cells, the relentless excavation and industrialization of the Moon were triggering transformations that were seemingly against the Moon itself and its constituent inhabitants, the moonites as well as the settlers. One such consequence was the awakening of a dormant system—an environment now ripe for disease, where unseen germs found the perfect conditions to emerge and spread.”

As the colony returned to life, Aryan knew one thing—this was not just a medical crisis. It was a lesson. One that humanity needed to learn before venturing deeper into the cosmos.

As Aryan gazed out at the vast lunar landscape, now returning to its usual rhythm, his mind drifted back to the days of the great lunar quarantine. The silence of that time had been different—heavy, uncertain, and filled with an eerie stillness. Even though the disease was over and vaccines had restored normalcy, the memories of isolation, fear, and resilience still lingered like shadows on the Moon's surface.

**"As Aryan sat in quiet contemplation, his mind began to drift. Slowly, the present faded, and he found himself reliving those harrowing days—word for word, moment by moment—the great lunar quarantine unfolding once more before his eyes."**

### **The Great Lunar Quarantine**

The moment the Lunar Administration declared a complete halt on all space travel, the realization struck like a cold wave—Moon's inhabitants were now prisoners on an alien world. No one could leave. No one could come. Even in dire emergencies, there was no way back to Earth.

At the spaceport, final announcements echoed in cold, mechanical tones:

*"Attention: All transport between Earth and the Moon is indefinitely suspended. No exceptions. Stay indoors. Maintain safety protocols."*

Dr. Aryan Verma stood frozen at the window of the medical dome, staring at the now-defunct space shuttles. Meera, standing beside him, clutched his arm.

"So, that's it?" she whispered. "Even if someone's dying back home, we can't go?"

Aryan exhaled. "We're stranded, Meera. The whole Moon is on lockdown."

Their children, Avni and Ansh, sat quietly at the dinner table, the usual laughter missing from their home.

"But why can't we just send people back?" Ansh asked. "Earth has better hospitals, better doctors. Can't we at least send the sick ones?"

Avni shook her head. "It's not just about us, Ansh. If whatever is spreading here reaches Earth..." She trailed off, letting the horror sink in.

Aryan nodded. "That's why they've cut us off. The Moon has become a sealed environment—a test case for survival."

## **Fear and Isolation**

Days turned into weeks. The usual buzzing comm channels between the Moon and Earth fell silent, with only official broadcasts coming through. Lunar citizens grew restless. Families were separated, messages delayed, and the overwhelming sense of isolation gnawed at everyone.

The markets were eerily empty, automated dispensers rationing essentials. Video calls to Earth became short and censored. "Network congestion," they said. But Aryan suspected it was something more—an attempt to contain panic.

Meera scrolled through the news updates on her holographic device. "They're saying the lockdown could last months. Maybe years."

Aryan looked up from his medical reports. "The Moon was never designed for long-term isolation. Our supplies, our mental health—everything depends on that Earth connection."

Avni sighed. "No one thought we'd ever need a 'plan B' for something like this."

Ansh frowned. "This isn't fair. What if grandma gets sick? What if—" He hesitated. "What if something happens to us?"

Meera wrapped her arms around him. "We stay strong, Ansh. That's all we can do."

## **The Psychological Toll**

As the quarantine stretched on, people changed. Some became reclusive, afraid to step out of their domes. Others protested, demanding answers from the authorities. Many struggled with the weight of an uncertain future.

Meera, a naturally social person, found herself restless. "Aryan, I feel like a caged bird. I can't breathe in this confinement."

He touched her hand gently. "You're not alone, Meera. Everyone's feeling the strain. Even I..." He hesitated. "Even I sometimes wonder if we were meant to be here at all."

At the hospital, Aryan saw the toll firsthand—insomnia, anxiety, depression. It wasn't just a medical crisis anymore. It was a crisis of the soul.

One night, he sat with Avni and Ansh, looking at the Earth through their dome's observation panel.

Avni sighed. "It looks so close, yet it's unreachable."

Aryan nodded. "Like a dream just out of reach."

Ansh tilted his head. "Papa, do you think the Moon is testing us?"

Aryan smiled faintly. "Maybe, beta. Maybe this is its way of asking if we're truly ready to be here."

Meera added softly, "Yatpinde tat brahmande... as within, so without. Just like the body fights an infection, maybe the Moon is doing the same."

And with that thought, they sat in silence, watching the distant, unreachable Earth—waiting for the day the quarantine would end.

### **Breaking the Cycle**

Days turned into months. The quarantine reshaped life on the Moon, testing the endurance of its people. The isolation, the uncertainty, and the fear gnawed at everyone. Supplies were stretched thin, and psychological stress mounted. Some residents adapted, finding solace in small routines, while others spiraled into despair.

Aryan saw it all—from the patients who came in with stress-related illnesses to the silent, weary looks exchanged in the corridors of the medical dome. Even the animals in the lunar biosphere seemed affected, as if they too sensed the unease in the air.



One evening, as he sat with Meera, Avni, and Ansh, gazing at Earth through their dome's observation panel, he finally spoke the words that had been weighing on him.

"This isn't just about a virus," he said. "It's about control, about fear. The Moon is mirroring our inner struggle. Just as our bodies fight disease, the Moon is reacting to its own imbalance."

Meera nodded. "Yatpinde tat brahmande... The chaos outside reflects the turmoil within."

Avni sighed. "But how do we break the cycle?"

Ansh, ever the dreamer, whispered, "Maybe by choosing not to be afraid."

Aryan smiled. "Maybe that's the key. If fear is the disease, then understanding is the cure."

### **The Turning Point**

As time passed, a breakthrough arrived—not from Earth, but from the Moon itself. Scientists discovered that the so-called 'space epidemic' wasn't behaving like a traditional virus. It was something more complex, something intertwined with the very fabric of lunar life.

The quarantine had been imposed out of fear, but in truth, the Moon wasn't rejecting its inhabitants—it was adapting to them. The strange biological shifts were not signs of a plague but of transformation. The human body, the lunar soil, even the biosphere—they were all evolving together.

Aryan shared his realization with his fellow scientists. "We came here thinking we could impose our way of life on the Moon. But what if the Moon is reshaping us instead?"

The Lunar Administration finally lifted the lockdown, cautiously allowing the first flights back to Earth. Families reunited, and hope rekindled. But something had changed. Those who had lived through the quarantine would never be the same.

As Aryan and his family stood watching the first shuttle depart, Meera whispered, "We survived. But more than that, we learned."

Avni smiled. "The Moon tested us, and we adapted."

Ansh looked up at his father. "Do you think we passed?"

Aryan chuckled, placing a hand on his son's shoulder. "I think the real test has just begun."

And with that, the Verma family turned away from the observation deck, stepping into a new chapter of lunar life—one where fear no longer ruled, and understanding led the way.

**"A gentle touch on his shoulder pulled Aryan out of his thoughts. He turned to see Meera, her eyes filled with warmth and quiet understanding. 'You were lost in the past again, weren't you?' she asked softly.**

Aryan exhaled, a faint smile crossing his lips. 'I was visualizing everything—word for word—reliving the great lunar quarantine as if it were happening all over again.'

Meera squeezed his hand reassuringly. 'But it's over now. The Moon pandemic is gone, just like that. There's nothing to fear anymore.'

Aryan nodded, glancing once more at the endless lunar horizon. The Moon had endured, and so had they."

## Chapter 24: The Great Space Exodus

Many years have passed since the great space exodus, yet the echoes of that desperate journey still linger in the hearts of those who witnessed it. What unfolded during those days was both awe-inspiring and tragic—a tale of survival, longing, and the unbreakable pull of home. Even now, as we recount those moments, it feels as vivid as if it happened just yesterday.

### *Fading Footsteps in the Stars: Memories of a Distant Home*

The silence of the moon felt heavier than usual. The news of the lockdown had sent ripples through the lunar colonies, and now, after the epidemic's peak had passed, the real crisis had begun—an exodus unlike anything ever recorded in human history.

Dr. Aryan Verma sat by the large observation window of his lunar residence, watching Earth glow like an unreachable paradise in the infinite void. His wife, Meera, prepared synthetic tea in the small kitchenette, her movements betraying her unease. Avni and Ansh, their children, were unusually quiet, their young minds trying to process the chaotic events unfolding around them.

"Papa, why do they all want to go back?" Ansh finally asked, his small fingers tracing the edges of his space tablet. The news was filled with images of people struggling to leave the moon—some walking in space suits, others desperately clinging to the undersides of cargo shuttles.

"Because home is not just a place," Aryan said, choosing his words carefully. "It's a feeling, a memory, a deep pull of the heart. When everything feels uncertain, people want to be where they feel safe—even if the journey is dangerous."

Meera sighed, placing a steaming cup in front of Aryan. "But Earth isn't safe either. The lockdowns, the instability, the shortages... What are they really running towards?"

Avni, who had been scrolling through her holographic news feed, interrupted. "Some say the lunar government's food and shelter aid isn't reaching everyone. Others just don't trust the system anymore. And then, some... they just miss the rivers, the wind, the real sky."

Aryan took a sip of his tea, his mind wandering to the hundreds of patients he had treated in the last few weeks. The space epidemics had taken many lives, but this mass migration posed an even greater threat. With lunar travel restric-

tions still in place, desperate citizens were attempting the impossible—crossing space on foot.

### **The Walkers of Space**

On the dark side of the moon, where government patrols were less frequent, clusters of people had begun their perilous journey toward Earth. Wearing outdated anti-gravity boots and cheap oxygen suits, they carried whatever food and water they could afford. Many had secured nano-oxygen capsules, hoping they would last the journey.

Aryan had seen them firsthand. Some of his old patients, mostly laborers and low-income workers, had bid him farewell with solemn faces. “Doctor sahib, we can’t stay here,” one had told him. “Better to die trying than wait for starvation.”

As the family watched the newsfeed, a shocking report came in—space migrants begging outside floating restaurants, their resources exhausted. Some had perished along the way, lost to the heat of the sun or frozen in the cold void. The most heart-wrenching cases were those who mistook abandoned space railway tracks as resting spots, only to be caught unaware when a high-speed shuttle approached.

### **An Unexpected Guest**

That evening, as the family sat in quiet contemplation, their home alert system chimed. Someone was at their door.

Aryan opened it to find a young woman, her space suit tattered, her face pale from exhaustion. She clutched a small oxygen capsule in her trembling hands. Behind her stood a man, possibly her husband, supporting an unconscious child.

“Please... help us,” she whispered before collapsing.

Without hesitation, Aryan and Meera carried them inside. As a veterinarian, Aryan had limited experience with human medicine, but necessity made one adapt. With Avni’s help, he stabilized the unconscious child while Meera fetched energy supplements for the woman and her husband.

After some time, the woman stirred. "We tried to walk to Earth," she murmured. "We... we thought we could make it."

Aryan exchanged a glance with Meera. "How many others are out there?"

"Thousands," the man croaked. "Some turned back. Some were caught by the patrols. Others... we don't know."

## **The Refugee Crisis in Space**

In the days that followed, Aryan found himself involved in an underground effort to help stranded migrants. Some private space transporters had begun smuggling desperate travelers inside their cargo holds for exorbitant prices, evading the watchful eyes of the space administration. Meanwhile, a few innovative workers had created anti-gravity bicycles, allowing for a slightly faster and less exhausting journey through the void.

The lunar government had promised free shelter and rations, but the reality was starkly different. Aid distribution was chaotic, and corruption ran deep. The powerful hoarded supplies while the weak scavenged for survival. Together, Many people lost their jobs, and among them, many could never regain their lost employment.

One night, as Aryan sat in his clinic, a government official visited him.

"Dr.Verma," the man said gravely, "We know you've been helping these people."

Aryan tensed but met the man's gaze steadily. "I'm a doctor. It's my duty to help."

The official sighed. "Look, I understand. But the situation is more complicated than you think. If too many people leave the moon at once, it'll disrupt the entire interplanetary economy. We need stability."

Aryan's jaw tightened. "Stability for whom?"

The official had no answer. He simply handed Aryan a small data chip. "This is a list of people who have been granted emergency travel permits. If you know anyone eligible, tell them to register."

As the man left, Aryan looked at the chip in his hand. It was something, but not enough.

### **The Mystic Wanderer**

One evening, as Aryan walked the lunar surface, he came across an old sage-like figure meditating under the vast emptiness of space. The man, dressed in flowing robes unsuitable for lunar conditions, seemed unbothered by his surroundings.

Aryan approached cautiously. "Aren't you cold?"

The man opened his eyes, revealing an unsettling depth of wisdom. "Cold and heat are illusions, my son. Just as life and death are."

Something in Aryan stirred. "Do you believe these people will make it back to Earth?"

The sage smiled. "Those who truly need to return, will. Others... are meant to find a new home elsewhere."

Aryan exhaled. "And what about me? I was never meant to be here."

The sage chuckled. "And yet, here you are. The universe places us exactly where we need to be."

With that, the old man closed his eyes again, dissolving into deep meditation as if he had merged with the cosmos itself.

### **A Decision**

Back at home, Meera and the children awaited Aryan's return. He entered, placing the data chip on the table. "We can help a few people leave. But we can't save them all."

Meera placed a hand over his. "But we will do what we can."

Avni and Ansh nodded. They were just children, but they understood something profound—that in an unfair universe, kindness was the only true rebellion.

And so, under the artificial glow of the lunar domes, as the Earth continued to call its lost children home, the Verma family made their choice. They would help those they could, and for the rest, they would offer something just as precious—hope.

Though years have passed, the memories of that space exodus remain etched in the hearts of those who lived through it. The desperate footsteps across the void, the silent cries for help, the flickering hope in the darkness—each moment lingers like a distant echo, never fully fading. Some reached home, some found new destinies among the stars, and some were lost forever in the endless abyss. But one truth remains unshaken: no matter how far we travel, the call of home never truly leaves us. It is the pull of the familiar, the embrace of belonging, the whisper of the past that still finds us, even in the vast silence of space.

## Chapter 25- The Call to Move Beyond the Moon

Dr. Aryan Verma gazed at the sprawling lunar horizon through the observation deck of their Moonbase. The events of the Great Space Exodus still played vividly in his mind—the chaos, the uncertainty, and the immense courage it had taken to leave Earth behind. But now, standing amidst the quiet hum of the station, his mind wandered beyond this grey, cratered expanse. He felt the call of something greater, something beyond the Moon, beyond all that humanity had known.

Meera, his ever-astute companion in this interstellar odyssey, noticed the distant gleam in his eyes. She approached him gently, her voice calm yet firm. "Aryan, I see it in your eyes again. That longing."

He sighed, offering a soft chuckle. "Am I that predictable?"

"Only to those who love you enough to see past your silences." She squeezed his arm. "Tell me what it is this time."

He turned fully to her, his gaze deep and searching. "The Moon was never meant to be our final destination. We carved out a home here, but I still feel the pull of the unknown. Mars, maybe? Or even the exoplanet colonies that they say might be the next frontier."

Meera studied him for a moment before nodding. "You sound like a man searching for something he can't quite name."

"Maybe I am. Or maybe it's just that... even after all this, the silence of space whispers something more. Something beyond."

Their conversation was interrupted as Avni and Ansh burst into the room, their faces glowing with excitement. "Dad, you've got to see this!" Ansh exclaimed, dragging him toward the main console.

A new transmission flickered on the screen—a classified message from the Interstellar Expansion Initiative. It spoke of an ambitious plan: the first human settlement beyond the Moon and Mars, out in the vast cosmic wilderness, where new worlds awaited their touch.



Avni, ever the bold one, grinned. "Looks like the universe just answered your call, Dad."

Aryan's heart pounded as he scrolled through the mission details. It was unlike anything they had attempted before. The Moon was a stepping stone, Mars had been theorized for decades, but this... this was a leap into the abyss, a voyage into the truly unknown.

Meera peered over his shoulder, her brow furrowed in concern. "This isn't just exploration anymore, Aryan. It's a journey into mystery itself. Are we ready for this?"

"Were we ever truly ready to leave Earth?" Aryan countered, his voice laced with both excitement and trepidation. "Yet we did. And look at what we've built here."

Silence settled between them, heavy with the weight of decisions yet to be made.

That night, Aryan found himself wandering the lunar fields alone. The Moon, once so alien, had become home. He had learned its language, its rhythms, its stark yet haunting beauty. Yet deep within, he felt a pull—a force as ancient as time itself. He recalled the stories of sages and mystics, those who left the known behind, not for conquest, but for enlightenment. Was this any different? Was his yearning not just another form of that eternal seeking?

A voice interrupted his musings. "You know, Dad, you talk to yourself a lot when you think no one's watching."

Aryan turned to find Avni standing there, a playful smirk on her face.

"Comes with age," he replied, grinning.

She joined him, gazing at the stars above. "Do you think there's something waiting for us out there? Something more than just rock and dust?"

Aryan smiled, impressed by his daughter's insight. "I think... space is more than what we see. Every step forward in exploration feels like an echo of something ancient, something we were always meant to find. Maybe it's just more planets. Or maybe, just maybe, it's something beyond what our minds can grasp."

She exhaled deeply. "That's what I feel too. Like we're chasing something invisible, yet so real."

He looked at her, his heart swelling with pride. "Then maybe we should follow that feeling."

In the days that followed, the discussion within their family deepened. Ansh, the ever-curious scientist, poured over maps of potential exoplanets, his eyes wide with wonder. "Dad, there are planets with oceans of liquid methane, some with endless storms, some that glow in the dark! Can you imagine?"

Meera, ever the voice of reason, raised a practical concern. "But what about life here? We've established roots. We have a home. Would we abandon all of it for another unknown?"

Aryan met her gaze, his voice soft yet unwavering. "Or would we be honoring everything we've done by taking the next step?"

One evening, as they sat around their modest dining table, Aryan finally asked, "So, what do we do? Do we stay, or do we go?"

Avni, never one to hesitate, grinned. "I vote go. I mean, come on! How many people get the chance to be part of something this monumental?"

Ansh nodded vigorously. "Me too! Imagine the discoveries, Dad. New ecosystems, new life forms!"

Meera sighed, shaking her head with a fond smile. "I should have known I was outnumbered before this discussion even started."

Aryan chuckled, reaching for her hand. "You don't have to decide now. But let's at least explore the possibility."

And so, the preparations began. Aryan found himself consulting astronomers, engineers, and even spiritual thinkers. The more he learned, the more he realized that this journey wasn't just about space—it was about evolution, not just of humanity, but of consciousness itself.

One evening, as he sat alone in the observation deck, he felt a presence beside him. It was Meera. "You know, there was a time I thought Earth was the only

home we'd ever have. Then we came here. And now... the universe just keeps expanding, doesn't it?"

Aryan nodded. "It does. And so do we."

She took a deep breath, then smiled. "Alright. Let's do it. Let's go beyond the Moon."

As they stood together, gazing into the infinite expanse, Aryan felt something shift within him. The call had been heard. The journey had only just begun.

## **Part 6: A New Beginning and the Universal Truth**

### **Chapter 26- The Search for the Next Destination**

Dr. Aryan Verma sat in the main research hub of the Moonbase, his fingers gliding across the holographic console. The decision had been made—humanity's journey was far from over. Now came the next challenge: finding the right destination.

Meera entered the room, her eyes scanning the array of star maps and planetary data floating in midair. "So, where do we begin?"

Aryan smiled, his excitement barely contained. "We've been looking outward for years, Meera. But now, we truly have to think beyond the Moon, beyond Mars. Somewhere sustainable, somewhere we can call home for generations."

Ansh, who had been silently observing from the corner, suddenly perked up. "Dad, have you checked Kepler-442b? It's been on the list of potentially habitable planets for years! Its star is stable, it's within the habitable zone, and—" He paused, flipping through data projections. "Look at this! It has a 97% probability of Earth-like conditions!"

Avni leaned over his shoulder, impressed. "So, we're talking oceans, an atmosphere, and maybe even plant life?"

"That's the hope," Aryan confirmed. "But there's more to consider. Distance. Resources. Feasibility of travel. The farther we go, the harder it gets."

Meera folded her arms, ever the practical one. "And what about the unknown variables? We might be walking into an ecosystem that isn't as friendly as we assume. What if we're not alone there?"

A hush settled over them. The thought had always lingered in the background. Space was vast, and they had no illusions of being the only intelligent species in the cosmos.

Ansh, still glued to his screen, broke the silence. "We could send a probe first. AI scouts can map the planet, analyze its atmosphere, and even detect signs of advanced life."

Aryan nodded. "That's a logical step. But we must act fast. The Interstellar Expansion Initiative has other teams researching destinations, and we can't afford to lag."

Avni smirked. "So, it's a space race? Good. I always wanted to be part of one."

The next few weeks were a whirlwind of calculations, projections, and simulations. Aryan worked alongside some of the best minds on the Moonbase, analyzing planetary candidates one by one. Kepler-442b remained a strong contender, but there were other possibilities—Proxima Centauri b, a planet orbiting the closest known exoplanetary system, and Luyten b, which had conditions remarkably similar to Earth's prehistoric climate.

During one of their late-night discussions, Meera noticed Aryan staring at the screen with an almost trance-like focus. She placed a warm hand on his shoulder. "You look like a man searching for something more than just a new planet."

He exhaled deeply. "Maybe I am. You ever get the feeling that we're being guided? That we're not just choosing this path, but it's choosing us?"

Meera considered his words. "You've always been drawn to the unknown, Aryan. But I think it's more than that. You don't just want to find a new home. You want to find meaning."

He chuckled softly. "And maybe that meaning isn't in a place, but in the journey itself."

The first probe was launched toward Kepler-442b, carrying an array of instruments designed to analyze every aspect of the distant world. The transmission delay meant it would take time to receive detailed reports, but the first images sent back left them in awe.

A breathtaking landscape unfolded before them—a vast expanse of cerulean oceans, emerald forests stretching beyond the horizon, and towering mountain peaks glistening under an alien sun.

Ansh gasped. "It looks like Earth before civilization! This is incredible!"

Avni's eyes gleamed. "No dust storms, no barren wastelands. Just pure, untouched nature."

Meera, despite her initial hesitation, couldn't help but smile. "It's beautiful."

Aryan, however, remained silent, staring intently at the data stream. The atmosphere was stable, oxygen levels were compatible, and there were clear signs of an active biosphere. But something felt... off. A presence. An unshakable sense that they weren't just discovering this planet—it was watching them back.

"What is it?" Meera asked, noticing his change in expression.

"I don't know," he admitted. "But I feel like... we just stepped into something far bigger than we understand."

As the final reports trickled in, a decision loomed. Kepler-442b was viable. It was everything they had hoped for and more. But something inside Aryan whispered caution. He had spent years learning to trust his instincts, and now they urged him to dig deeper.

One evening, as he wandered the lunar surface alone, the stillness of space pressing in around him, a realization struck him. The universe was not just a collection of rocks and gases—it was alive. And every step they took deeper into it was a step into a greater, unfolding mystery.

The question was no longer whether they could go. The question was whether they were truly ready for what they might find.

As Aryan turned back toward the base, he knew that the next chapter of humanity's journey was about to begin. But this time, it was not just about survival or exploration.

It was about awakening.

## Chapter 27- Convincing the Family & Making Preparations

Dr. Aryan Verma stood at the observation deck of the lunar colony, gazing at the vast, endless stretch of stars beyond the Moon's horizon. The search for the next destination had opened doors he had never thought possible. The mysteries of the cosmos whispered through the silence, inviting him to step further into the unknown. But before he could embark on this new journey, there was one significant challenge—convincing his extended family back on Earth.

His desire for awakening was pushing him further and further away from earthly entanglements. The energy being dissipated in the chaos of worldly affairs could instead be channeled into dedicated efforts for spiritual realization. This was not unique to him—when one's worldly pursuits ripen, a natural drift towards solitude begins, often disguised under various excuses. And when a deep spiritual longing is interwoven with these efforts, the pull becomes even stronger. Now, standing at the threshold of a cosmic journey, Aryan felt the inevitable call of both destiny and awakening.

His nuclear family—Meera, Avni, and Ansh—had already embraced the idea with excitement, eager to explore what lay beyond. But now, it was time to inform their loved ones on Earth, to seek their blessings, and to address their inevitable concerns.

He connected to the Earth communication link, and soon, the holographic images of his parents, Meera's parents, and their closest relatives materialized in front of him. The warm familiarity of their faces made the moment even more poignant.

"Aryan, what's this urgent family meeting about?" his father asked, his voice tinged with curiosity.

Aryan took a deep breath. "We're leaving the Moon. We're traveling further into space—to explore an exoplanet that might hold signs of life."

Gasps echoed through the connection. His mother's face turned pale. "Beta, you already left Earth, and now you want to go even further?"

Meera's mother shook her head in disbelief. "Meera, do you really think this is safe?"

Meera reached for Aryan's hand, steady and firm. "Yes, Maa. We have thought this through. We are prepared."

Aryan's father sighed. "But why? Haven't you achieved enough? Isn't the Moon far enough?"

Aryan smiled gently. "Baba, every great journey in history has always had people asking, 'Why go further?' But if no one had dared, humanity would still be confined to a single continent, let alone a single planet."

His mother wiped a tear. "But what if something happens to you? What if you never return?"

Ansh, who had been listening silently, spoke up. "Dadi, we're not running away. We're moving forward, discovering new things, making history. And we'll always be connected."

Avni added, "And just imagine... one day, you might visit us on a whole new world!"

The elders exchanged uncertain glances. Aryan's father finally sighed. "I won't pretend to be happy about this. But I trust you. If this is what you must do, then go with our blessings."

Meera's mother, still hesitant, nodded. "Just promise us you'll stay safe."

Aryan smiled. "We promise."

### **The Challenges for Avni and Ansh**

After the initial shock settled, Aryan's father raised another concern. "Aryan, what about the children? Their education, their social life? They've already changed schools, curriculums, and friends so many times. They're like rolling stones, never settling anywhere."

Aryan nodded, expecting this concern. "Baba, I understand. It hasn't been easy. But do you realize how much they've learned? More than they ever could have back on Earth."



Meera's mother sighed. "But stability is important for children. They need roots, traditions, a familiar environment."

Avni smiled. "Dadi, I used to think that too. But moving and adapting has made me stronger. I've learned how to make friends anywhere, how to handle change without fear."

Ansh grinned. "And I've studied things most kids on Earth never even dream about! I've seen Earthrise from the Moon, learned how space agriculture works, and even studied planetary geology firsthand."

Aryan added, "They aren't just memorizing textbooks; they're experiencing knowledge. Every new place, every challenge has taught them resilience, curiosity, and adaptability. These are lessons no school can provide."

Aryan's father was silent for a moment before he sighed. "I see your point. Still, I just want to be sure they're happy."

Meera reached out, touching the screen. "They are, Baba. They're thriving."

### **The Preparations Begin**

Once the decision was solidified, preparations began in full force. Aryan and his family were fitted for advanced exo-suits that could adapt to fluctuating temperatures and atmospheric conditions. Their spacecraft, named *Vyomnaut*, was undergoing final testing. Supplies were being curated—everything from genetic seeds to emergency medical kits.

As they packed, Aryan found himself sitting with Avni and Ansh in the habitat's observation dome, watching Earth as a distant, glowing orb.

Avni broke the silence. "Do you ever miss it? Earth, I mean."

Aryan smiled. "Every day. But missing something doesn't mean regretting leaving it."

Ansh tilted his head. "Do you think we'll ever go back?"

Aryan's gaze softened. "Maybe one day. But for now, forward is the only direction."

## A Farewell to the Moon

As the launch date approached, the lunar colony gathered for a farewell ceremony. Their fellow scientists, researchers, and astronauts wished them luck, some envious, some relieved they weren't the ones venturing into the deep unknown.

One of Aryan's closest colleagues, Dr. Wei, pulled him aside. "Are you ready for this, Aryan? Really ready?"

Aryan nodded. "As ready as anyone can be when staring into infinity."

Wei chuckled. "You always did have a way with words. Just... be careful. The universe is vast, and not everything out there will be welcoming."

Aryan placed a hand on his friend's shoulder. "Neither was the Moon at first. But we adapted. That's what we do."

The final night before departure, Aryan and Meera sat together, gazing at the stars through their dome window. She leaned against him, her voice barely above a whisper. "Promise me we'll stay together, no matter what happens."

He kissed the top of her head. "Always."

As dawn—artificial as it was—rose over the lunar horizon, they boarded *Vyomnaut*. The engines hummed, systems activated, and the countdown began. "Three... Two... One... Liftoff."

As the lunar surface shrank beneath them and the vast unknown stretched before them, Dr. Aryan Verma knew one thing for certain.

Their journey beyond Earth had only just begun.

## Chapter 28- **The Final Journey to a New Home**

Dr. Aryan Verma took a deep breath, his fingers tightening around the edge of his desk as he stared at the departure schedule glowing on the large screen before him. The moment had arrived—the final steps of their lunar existence before embarking on a journey unlike any other in human history. A distant exoplanet, carefully chosen for its habitability, was about to become their new home.

The air in their lunar habitat was thick with anticipation. Meera, his wife, paced slowly, her arms folded across her chest, lost in thought. Avni sat on the couch, her brows furrowed as she tapped absentmindedly on her tablet. Ansh, on the other hand, bounced excitedly on the balls of his feet, utterly fascinated by the idea of traveling beyond the Moon.

“You’re still sure about this, aren’t you?” Meera finally broke the silence, her voice softer than usual.

Aryan turned toward her, catching the unspoken emotions in her eyes—excitement, nervousness, a flicker of doubt.

He walked over, placing his hands gently on her shoulders. “We’ve made it this far, Meera. There’s no turning back now. But if you’re having second thoughts—”

She shook her head. “No... it’s just... leaving the Moon, our first step beyond Earth, everything we’ve ever known. It feels like a dream. Or maybe a dream within a dream.”

Avni looked up. “You mean like how the yogis say reality is just layers of perception?”

Aryan smiled. His daughter had a way of bringing philosophy into even the most scientific discussions. “Exactly,” he said. “And perhaps, we’re just peeling away another layer of reality as we step into the unknown.”

The room fell into a contemplative silence, broken only by Ansh’s enthusiastic interjection. “But we’ll still have Wi-Fi, right?”

A burst of laughter rippled through the family, dispelling the tension like sunlight breaking through a storm.

The final preparations had been meticulous. Their belongings had been reduced to the essentials—clothing designed for the new planet’s conditions, medical supplies, Aryan’s veterinary equipment, and a few personal mementos. The children had carefully selected items that reminded them of their lunar home: Avni had packed her sketchbook, while Ansh had insisted on bringing his stuffed dinosaur, REXY, despite the teasing from his sister.

The departure schedule was precise. Aboard the Stellar Voyager, they would leave the Moon’s surface, dock with the interstellar ark stationed nearby, and then embark on the long

journey to the exoplanet. The voyage itself would span years in cryogenic sleep, a reality both thrilling and unnerving.

As they stood at the embarkation bay, a sea of emotions swirled in Aryan's chest. This was not just another relocation—it was a leap into the great cosmic unknown. His mind drifted to the spiritual texts he had read, the ancient sages who spoke of leaving behind the transient for the eternal. Was this journey a mere physical transition, or was it symbolic of something far greater?

A low hum filled the air as the ark's engines powered up. The final boarding call echoed through the lunar station. With one last glance at the silent, grey expanse through the massive observation windows, Aryan took Meera's hand. She squeezed back, her silent affirmation giving him strength.

As the family settled into their stasis pods aboard the ark, a thought struck Aryan with profound clarity. To step into cryogenic sleep was to willfully embrace a kind of death—a concept unheard of except among the greatest of sages. He recalled the tale of Rishi Dadhichi, who surrendered his bones for the benefit of the gods, and the ancient king (Raja Shibi) who gave his own flesh to compensate for the loss of meat. Here they were, surrendering their waking existence, trusting that they would rise again in a new world. This was not just science; it was a sacrifice, a test of faith in the unseen future.

Avni gazed at the starry void outside. "It's beautiful," she whispered, watching the Moon shrink in the distance.

Ansh leaned over. "I still think the new planet will be cooler."

Aryan chuckled. "I hope you'll say the same when we wake up there."

The transition into cryogenic sleep was both fascinating and unnerving. Aryan felt his consciousness slip away, his last waking thoughts filled with wonder and anticipation. Would they wake up to a paradise or a challenge beyond comprehension?

The journey had begun, and the universe awaited.

## Chapter 29- The Last Message to Earth

Dr. Aryan Verma's consciousness flickered like a distant flame, caught between the abyss of time and the pull of an unseen future. The deep silence of cryogenic sleep had no dreams, no sensations—only an eternal pause, a breath held by the universe itself. But something stirred in the depths of his being, a whisper that was neither memory nor vision, but something beyond.

He was weightless, yet he felt motion. A slow, gentle pull, like being carried by an invisible river. And then—a sudden awareness. Not of his body, but of his mind, awakening like the first rays of dawn breaking over an untouched world.

A soft chime echoed through his pod. Systems were engaging. Cryogenic stasis was ending.

His eyelids felt heavy, but he forced them open, blinking against the dim light of the spacecraft's interior. The cold sensation faded as warmth coursed through his limbs, his body reanimated from its deep slumber. He inhaled sharply, a sudden rush of air filling his lungs. The process was seamless, yet unsettling—like waking from death itself.

One by one, the pods around him began to hum with life. Meera, Avni, and Ansh emerged slowly, their eyes fluttering open, confusion and wonder battling in their gazes.

“Dad?” Avni's voice was hoarse. “We made it?”

Aryan swallowed, his throat dry. “We're awake.”

Meera sat up, pressing her fingers against her temple. “How long...?”

A holographic interface flickered before them. The system's voice, smooth and artificial, provided the answer: **'Time elapsed: 27 years, 4 months, 13 days.'**

A silence thicker than space itself settled among them.

Ansh was the first to speak, his voice barely above a whisper. “Twenty-seven years?”

Avni gasped. “That means... everyone we knew on Earth... they've aged. Some might not even be alive.”

The weight of time bore down on them. The world they had left behind had moved on without them, reshaped by years they had never lived.

Meera exhaled sharply, composing herself. “We knew this would happen. We prepared for it.”

“Yes,” Aryan said, though the words felt hollow. The mind could accept, but the heart resisted.

A sudden beep interrupted his thoughts. The interface projected a flashing message—one marked with a priority code from the Lunar Space Station. A relic from the past, waiting for them in the present.

“An old transmission?” Aryan muttered, accessing the file.

The screen flickered, and a familiar face emerged—a much older Dr. Raman, the director of the Lunar Colony. His hair had grayed, his eyes lined with time, but his gaze held the same intensity Aryan remembered.

“Dr. Verma,” Raman’s voice was calm, yet heavy with emotion. “If you are receiving this, then you have awoken. I do not know what awaits you, but I trust you have reached the edge of a new world.” He paused, his expression darkening. “Much has changed since you left.”

Aryan’s heart pounded. Something was wrong.

“The Earth...” Raman hesitated, as if struggling to find the right words. “It is not the world you remember.”

A chill ran through Aryan’s spine.

“In the decades after your departure, the planet faced trials beyond our worst fears. Climate shifts accelerated. Nations fought over dwindling resources. Technology advanced, but at a cost. The balance was lost. And now... the Earth you left behind is—”

The message cut off abruptly. Static filled the screen.

“Wait, what?” Avni leaned forward, panic flashing in her eyes. “That can’t be it!”

Aryan frantically scrolled through the data. The transmission had been interrupted. Whether by technical failure or deliberate action, they would never know.

Ansh’s voice wavered. “Is Earth... still there?”

A heavy silence stretched between them.

Meera closed her eyes, inhaling deeply. “Whatever happened, we cannot change it now.”

Aryan ran a hand through his hair, his mind racing. The Earth they had once known was now a mystery. Perhaps lost. Perhaps changed beyond recognition. But one thing was certain—if they had ever considered turning back, that door was now closed.

Avni looked at her father, eyes wide with a mixture of fear and determination. “What do we do now?”

Aryan met her gaze, steadying himself. “We move forward.”

As they prepared to leave behind their past forever, Aryan reflected on the nature of cryogenic sleep. It was not an experience of space, nor could it be compared to the ultimate yogic samadhi of mindlessness. If it were, there would be no urgency to race towards the unseen future. Instead, it was a suspension—a state of the subconscious mind lingering between existence and absence, neither here nor there. True stillness, as the great sages had taught, was not merely the absence of movement but the cessation of all longing, all seeking. And yet, here they were, still searching, still yearning for a new home.

And so, with the weight of the unknown pressing upon them, they turned their eyes toward the distant exoplanet—their new home. Whatever awaited them there, it was no longer just an exploration. It was a destiny they had no choice but to embrace.

The past was behind them. The future was uncharted. And the last message from Earth remained a whisper lost in the void, an unanswered question lingering in the vastness of space.

### Chapter 30: The Ultimate Realization – The Universe Within

The vast, silent abyss stretched infinitely around them as the ship drifted through the cosmic void. The crew lay in their cryogenic pods, their bodies suspended between life and oblivion. Yet, even in this profound stillness, something stirred within Aryan Verma's consciousness. It was not a dream, nor was it mere thought—it was awareness itself, floating free of form, untethered from the body yet deeply present.

As time lost meaning, an understanding dawned upon him: this was not death, nor was it the ultimate yogic samadhi. Cryogenic suspension was a state of subconscious dormancy, an artificial sleep that neither liberated the mind completely nor bound it to earthly chaos. It was like the twilight between waking and deep sleep—a space where the soul rested but did not dissolve.

“Had it been the final state,” his thoughts echoed in the infinite blackness, “then why would there still be a journey ahead?”

When he finally emerged from his frozen slumber, the first thing Aryan felt was an overwhelming sense of vastness—not of outer space, but within himself. His body awakened slowly, but his mind had already traversed distances that no spacecraft ever could. As he adjusted to the dim glow of the ship's control panel, he saw Meera, Avni, and Ansh stirring in their pods.

Meera's voice was the first to break the silence. “That felt like...dying. But not really.”

Aryan looked at her, his eyes carrying an inexplicable serenity. “Yes, stepping into cryostasis was like willfully surrendering to the unknown, much like the sages of old—Rishi Dadhichi, who gave up his bones for the gods, or King Shibi, who sacrificed his own flesh. It was a death of the known self, but not the end.”

Ansh, still groggy, yawned and stretched. “So...we're still alive. But where are we now?”

Aryan turned to the ship's navigation console. “Approaching the exoplanet,” he murmured, eyes scanning the displays. “But I feel as though I have already traveled further than any ship could take me.”

As the planet loomed ahead, its atmosphere shimmering like a mirage, Aryan's thoughts drifted inward. Was this truly the final destination? Or was it only another mirage in the endless desert of existence?

Man had always sought new lands, new worlds, believing that space was his ultimate frontier. But space was not outside—it was within. The reason humans yearned for it was simple: the soul itself was space. It was infinite, boundless, and ever-expanding. To seek space outside was, in truth, an attempt to reunite with one's own essence.



“Do you realize something?” Aryan said, turning toward his family, his voice carrying a quiet revelation. “Everywhere we have traveled, from Earth to the Moon, from the Moon to this distant world—what were we truly searching for? Space? We already have it within us.”

Meera nodded slowly, understanding dawning in her eyes. “Yet, where there is pure space, the body cannot survive. And where there are the resources for life, space feels distant because of the chaos of existence. It’s a paradox.”

“Exactly,” Aryan agreed. “But if we put in the right effort, we can create a space within ourselves that is untouched by chaos—a stillness that remains, no matter where we are. That is the true journey. Not outward, but inward.”

Avni, always the most skeptical, smirked. “So are you saying all of this was unnecessary? That we could have just stayed on Earth and meditated instead?”

Aryan laughed. “In a way, yes. But experience is the best teacher. Without this journey, would we have truly understood? Sometimes, one must travel outward to realize that the destination was within all along.”

The ship descended into the exoplanet’s atmosphere, golden clouds swirling beneath them. But even as they prepared to set foot on a new world, Aryan knew the greatest journey had already been taken.

Everything, everywhere, was only space. The illusion of matter was but a fleeting ripple in the ocean of the infinite. And the ultimate realization? That the universe they had sought was within them all along.

As the ship touched down, Aryan closed his eyes for a moment. Not to rest, but to witness the cosmos unfolding within.

A thought lingered in his mind—where there is only space, survival is impossible; where there is life, space is hidden behind the veil of activity. But those who master the balance between both worlds attain true freedom.

The journey had ended.

And yet, it had only just begun.

### Illustrator's Note

As I traced each image and moment of this story, I began to sense that it wasn't just a tale of space exploration—it was a mirror to the soul's own vast journey. Standing on the distant soil of an exoplanet, gazing into the silent infinity, it doesn't feel like a destination reached, but an awakening. A deeper realization emerges: this was never just about reaching another world, but about crossing unseen inner thresholds.

It feels, in many ways, like *Nirvikalpa Samadhi*—not attained through detachment alone, but through the *Savikalpa* path of engagement, of immersion in life's heat and weight. One must pass through the fires of experience, identity, and emotion to arrive at the stillness of the self. Likewise, to touch the silent vastness of the cosmos, one must voyage through stars, chaos, and challenge. *Savikalpa* is the flame that burns away all illusion—the joy, the pain, the longing. *Nirvikalpa* is the pure space left behind once all has been surrendered—the final hush after the storm of becoming.

And yet, not everyone sees this inner fire. Most people only recognize outer accomplishments—achievements they can see and measure. A pure inner awakening, no matter how profound, often goes unnoticed. Society tends to value physical success over inner evolution, and thus, renunciation—when not preceded by visible triumph—seems like evasion or pretense. Many carry the unconscious belief that only after proving oneself in the world can one step away from it with authenticity.

But the truth is, awakening often arises *within* the effort, silently, while one is striving in the world. Some rare souls dissolve directly into the void without much outer drama, but such stories are seldom heard. The rest of us must move through form to reach the formless. And that is the quiet miracle I tried to reflect through each brushstroke, each visual breath of this journey.

In the end, this story is not only about stars or space—it's about the human soul seeking its source. A journey from doing to being, from chaos to clarity, from earth... to the eternal sky.

Recommended books to read-

- 1) Mythological Body : A New Age Physiology Philosophy [SharirvigyanDarshan]
- 2) Organic planet: Autobiography of an eco-loving Yogi - Organic Farming and Rainwater Harvesting fundamentals
- 3) A New Age KundaliniTantra: Autobiography of a Love-Yogi
- 4) Love Story of a Yogi- What Patanjali says
- 5) Blackhole doing Yoga- a matching cosmic story
- 6) Quantum Science and Space Science in Yoga- Where science ends there yoga begins
- 7) Sankhya Sansar~ Sankhya, Yoga and Vedanta in an exciting union: Kundalini Awakening as the Prakriti-Purusha marriage festival